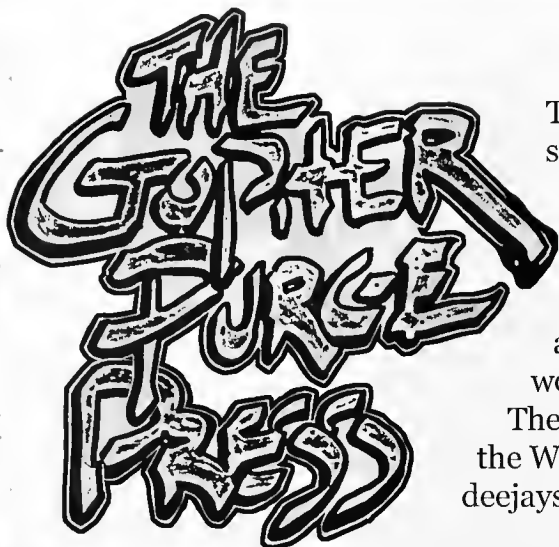




THE STOPHER FURGE PRESS

COMPLETE PUBLICATIONS
1987 - 1988



The Gopher Purge was a fanzine produced to support the KMWU radio program called Aftermidnight, which ran from the 1970s through the early 1990s. The radio program was made up of deejay music programs run in two shifts from midnight to 3:00 a.m. and 3:00 a.m. to 6:00 a.m. There was occasional feature music shows worked into the mix, such as Sister Midnight and The Midnight Hour. Aftermidnight had a long run on the Wichita airwaves with numerous students serving as deejays.

The magazine was discontinued due to budget cutbacks and conflicts with the station managers. This fanzine was basically produced as a more stylish way to send the shows Top 50 playlists to record companies. It latest four issues and was discontinued over station management objections to some of the vintage R-rated movie clipart added to the borders of the fourth issue and objectionable language. Teri Mott was the main editor of the publication with the deejays serving as the writing staff.

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- 16 - Ben Vaughn
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THE STOPHER TURGE PRESS

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of
BIG DIPPER



THE GOPHER PURGE

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Hi. Welcome to the twisted, godforsaken world of Gopher Purge Press. What you now clutch in your trembling hands is the first issue of After Midnight's literary weltschmerz. What, you ask, is an After Midnight? Those of you within a 50-100 mile radius of Wichita, Kansas can answer that question by tuning your F.M. radio to 89.1 between midnight and dawn any day of the week. Those of you who are out of earshot will just have to trust me when I say that After Midnight is the theomorphic embodiment of all that is perfection in underground radio.

We of After Midnight are 14 D.J.s strong and 100,000 watts. Doesn't that make you want to reach for your new releases and drop them in the mail without delay?

The Press will come to you on the 10th, (we hope) of each month and will contain record reviews, our playlist, national music stuff and last, but in no way least, updates from the cultural mecca that is Wichita. We wait with baited breath for your comments, reviews, hostile complaints, tapes, glowing flattery, suggestions, clean items of used clothing, records and anything else that won't spoil in route. Our address is:

Gopher Purge Press
c/o KMWJ
3317 e. 17th st.
Wichita, Ks.
67208

Thanks for making it this far; see you in December.

-Teri Mott
Music Director
After Midnight
KMWJ



BIG DIPPER

AN INTERVIEW WITH BILL GOFFRIER

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

I don't claim to be a pal of Bill Goffrier's. I am however, a devoted fan. First, with the Embarrassment and now with Boston band Big Dipper, Goffrier has whipped out some of the most unusual and beautiful guitar licks of all time. I wouldn't exaggerate.

Having graduated from the art department at Wichita State, (and then relieving his master's from Boston University,) Goffrier is somewhat of a hero around these parts. He's proven what a hometown guy can do while still keeping his midwestern roots intact. After Midnight's Charlie Maxton was lucky enough to chat with him on the phone about Big Dipper's new album Heavens, the past and the future and the demise of the Embarrassment. -ed.

GPP: Would you say the new Big Dipper album is similar to the e.p.?

BG: No, I would say it's more advanced. The e.p. was done at a stage when the band wasn't a performing band at all. We were strictly a group of friends getting together with some musical ideas and seeing what sort of a combination we would come up with in the studio. But the new album is the result of the next six months worth of playing out and songwriting as a total group rather than our individual songs. It came together more as a group effort.

GPP: All of the songs on the album and the e.p. are credited to Big Dipper. What's your role in the songwriting process?

BG: Well, let me retrace a little bit. On the e.p. that was an oversight that should have been corrected later. I don't know if it ever was but we would have credited the songs more specifically because two of them were mainly (lead guitarist) Gary Waleik's contribution which he does the lead vocals for and two of them were mainly (bass player) Steve Michener's contribution which he does the lead vocals for. Of the two that I did lead vocals for one was an Embarrassment song, actually, that I wrote so I didn't mind bringing it into this band as well because with the Embarrassment we never recorded it in the studio. The other one (San Quentin, C.A.) was a song that I wrote the music for with John Nichols lyrics, John from the Embarrassment. So

that was a definite kind of transition for me out of my old band into this one. With the new album we purposely credited the songs to the group because the lines became much more blurred. We found ourselves sort of pairing off and working out ideas, helping each other out. Somebody would initiate a song but it always seemed to become a group effort. I ended up singing more on that album because Steve felt like some of his ideas were better expressed with me singing them than with him singing them. Gary sings a couple that he's most attached to. The songs that he pretty much completely wrote and have a lot of his personality in them.

GPP: Is Faith Healer the Embarrassment song?

BG: Faith Healer, yeah, is the Embarrassment song which ended up being kind of the radio hit from the e.p. At least out this way that was the way it worked out. It was surprising and ironic that it turned out to be kind of a pop hit, being an old Embarrassment song which in that band was just a live thing that we never really thought that much of, y'know, it kinda had a hook to it. I guess with Big Dipper we sorta cleaned it up a bit, refined it a little bit so it did become more of a pop song with a few quirks to it.

GPP: There seems to be more straight pop tunes on the album.

BG: Um, the balance may be a little more in favor of that because at least half the band has a strong interest in that medium, or that song structure. That's something to experiment with right now. But hopefully the other half of the band sorta keeps things in check; adds enough in that's not quite so obviously traditional pop.

GPP: Which songs do you sing on the new album?

BG: Well, the first two on the first side, She's Fetching and Man O' War. Then Steve sings Easter Eve, I sing Humason and Gary sings Lunar Module. Then on the second side I sing All Going Out Together, Younger Bums which is Gary's music and my lyrics and a lot of help from, uh, Cat Stevens. Although he didn't know of it. Then Gary and I team up and sing kind of a dual lead vocal on a song written by Michael Cudahy, our friend out in Boston who's the singer, songwriter and guitar player for the band Christmas. And then I sing lead on Wet Weekend and Gary sings the last song, Mr. Woods.

GPP: How did you hook up with the members of Big Dipper?

BG: I've got my girlfriend to thank for that. My girlfriend and Gary's best friend, Bonnie, introduced us. I guess....gee, maybe two and a half..... well it was around the time I was getting out of

graduate school in Boston. I spent a couple of years there with no ambition of being in a band. There was kind of a wish in the back of my mind of doing something musical because meanwhile my friend Brent (Giessmann) was getting involved with the Del Fuegos and that looked like a lot of fun. But I was painting until Bonnie introduced me to Gary in the spring of '85. He had been an Embarrassment fan and was a member of Volcano Suns with Steve. And so after about a year of just talking about it I think we finally decided we would try to be a band again. With a lot of hesitation about things we had talked about that we were afraid of happening again. We didn't really want to go through some of the same sort of band experiences that we had all been through. But Gary and I pretty much agreed on the approach we wanted to take and he introduced Steve into the group. Gary's cousin Jeff Oliphant, our drummer, was available too and he also had a rehearsal space which made a difference. We were able to go out to his place in the suburbs and practice in the basement. So it made it pretty attractive, at the time, to do it on kind of a part-time basis which is what we did.

Why did the Embarrassment break up? Well, every time I get asked that I have to try and figure out the current best sounding reason because even when I talk to the other guys from that band we can't really seem to remember exactly what happened. It just seemed like a very drawn out, slow period of worsening kinds of experiences. We didn't see a lot of good ahead because we had lost our manager and had not put out what we thought was a very good record on our own and didn't see where any real money was gonna come from to do anything better. We were in debt and we didn't enjoy being in debt; we didn't like to live on credit we wanted to be profitable right then and there, I think that was part of it. John needed a job; he couldn't really just be in a band anymore that wasn't able to pay him anything. I was just as willing to go off and paint as to continue with the band. It seemed to me at that point they were kinda equally attractive so I didn't really mind if the band broke up.

It was just kind of an all over period of apathy that let it happen 'cause after it happened we all really regretted it. We thought we maybe should've stuck together through that period. But, y'know, we only had ourselves to blame that we just didn't think it was important enough to suffer for it anymore. We all had other options that we could take and we did.

GPP: Are you able to make a living with Big Dipper?
BG: I'm at a transitional stage. I just quit a great job that I had out here that allowed me the freedom to sorta build this thing up, and everybody else is in the same position as well. But we've just gotten to the point now where this new record is pretty important to us and to our record label out here and our manager and booking agent.

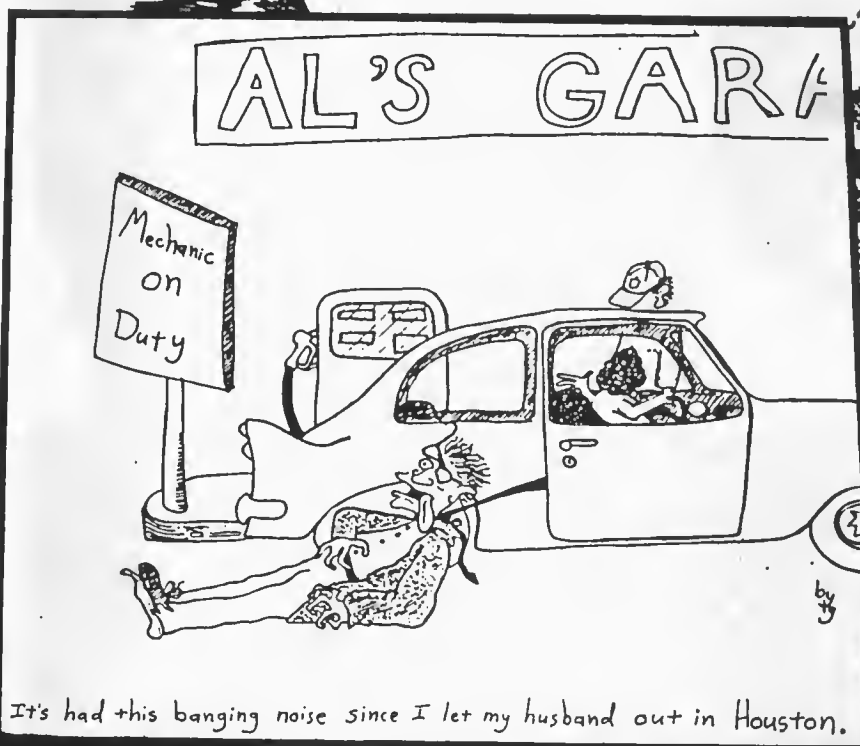
Everybody is making such a special effort for the band right now so were making the same committment. So everybody has put aside thier other jobs and other activities and we're a full-time band on the road. Were willing to play it by ear for the next six months but our goal is to become able to support ourselves. Things look very good for the future for becoming more stable in that way.

GPP: How long is Big Dipper going to be touring this time out?

BG: Right now just until mid-November, we think, it's all gonna depend on how well the record does. It's mostly just a mid-western thing. That's where we've sort of established ourselves in the past and were just building on that a little bit. And then we'll size it up and if the record is doing well in certain areas at that point we might just keep going.

GPP: How did you end up in Boston?

BG: That was completely the art school need that I had at the time, the decision to go back to school when the Embarrassment broke up. I had applied to five or six schools around the country and Boston had been one the places the Embarrassment visited a couple of times and really enjoyed. The architecture, tha aesthetics of the city was pretty exciting to us from the midwest; it seemed pretty exotic. Being on the ocean, the kind of people we met there. Then I found out when I was applying for schools that they had a good art program at Boston University at the graduate level. I found out I could afford it and made the move.



Cont...

GPP: What's the story on the new Embarrassment album?

BG: It's coming out on a Lawrence based label called Time to Develop. It's partly a reissue of the first e.p. and partly some unreleased live in the studio tracks from 1983 which would have been the very last stuff that we did.

GPP: How did the Embarrassment reunion shows in Lawrence come about?

BG: We didn't expect things like that to happen. It still is a surprise when we get a chance to do that. Both times it kinda came up suddenly through Mona Tipton who's the co-owner of the club in Lawrence that was called Cogburn's. Now it's called, I think, Bottleneck's. It's got a long history and the Embarrassment used to play there pretty regularly when it was Off the Wall Hall. We built up a really healthy following in Lawrence because of the radio station there at the university and the nightclubs and a couple of the local record stores. So she just kind of approached us about it out of the blue the first time around, New Years Eve 1985. Brent didn't have the time and couldn't make it out there for the first one so Britt Rosencutter filled in. The second time around we probably wouldn't have been that excited about doing it; it would have seemed like running it into the ground. But since Brent was able to make it we thought, well, this is a chance for us to really play together again and also see what it's like to play with Woody now that he's spent a couple of years with the Del Fuegos and completely changed his drumming style and everything. It looked to be pretty interesting. Hopefully everyone had a good time.

GPP: The Micronotz put on a good show that night too.

BG: Yeah, now that was another thing that made it more fun. I just talked to Mona and I guess she's still contemplating doing it again this year. So I'm putting the word out to see how everyone feels about it, but I have a feeling this year I may be the one who's unable to free myself up 'cause we might be playing back on the east coast.

Big Dipper is currently on tour. We in Wichita were lucky enough to catch them at the Coyote Club on Hallowe'en. It was an energetic show that delighted the voracious crowd. The evening climaxed with a cameo performance by John Nichols, formerly of the Embarrassment. A night to remember. Come back soon Bill!



7.00 a.m., July 5th, 1998:....?



GOVERNMENT ISSUE: NOT FOR MADONNA FANS

Once in a while when I'm sitting alone at night drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes and reviewing records for the show, I come across an album that is unusual and exciting. One such record is "You" by the D.C. band Government Issue.

This album proved to contain more than just the usual profanity-laden, count of four and grind type of music. Sure, they have a couple of snappy tunes which make one want to go to the nearest brick wall and slam into it but the tunes are more involved than the typical 1-2-3-4 slam sound.

The socio-political statements here are interwoven into the threads of the music, often leaving the interpretation up to the listener. I find this rather enjoyable. Others, who like things spelled out for them, may find it painful to think about what they are listening to.

This is not for the Hooter, Lionel Ritchey or Madonna type of mamby-pamby fan but rather for the Screaming Trees, Joy Division or SWA listener who enjoys music that is new, exciting and thought provoking.

There are no really slow songs here but Government Issue does take time out, during a song or two, to create some psychedelic sounds which are an added bonus to the music.

I had a lot of fun listening to this album. I highly recommend it. Give ear and enjoy!

-Pete Studtmann

OH MY GAWD!!!!...IT'S THE FLAMING LIPS FLAMING LIPS

Follow me. Enter the local record store and watch. See the elderly woman thumbing through the sound-track section? See the young man with holes in his jeans waiting for an opportunity to lift a heavy metal cassette? See your correspondent looking at new releases and wishing he had a better paying job which still afforded him the comfort of sleeping until 2 p.m. ? Look at the clerk placing an album on the turntable for the patrons' enjoyment and to induce purchases. Why is the young headbanger suddenly licking the give-away 45s? Why is the elderly woman crawling in rapid circles on all fours? Why is spittle forming at the corners of your correspondent's smiling mouth? It must be the music coming from the speakers at the local record store. It must be the new Flaming Lips record.

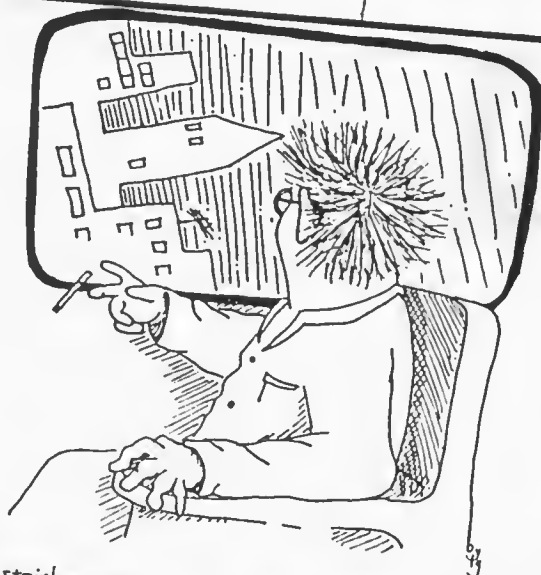
Cont...

These three Oklahomans are the finest result of their state finally getting indoor plumbing I have yet to see or hear. Men with a fine ear for contrasts, the collective Mr. Lip know that pretty acoustics mix well with beautiful feedback. Quiet noodling about lulls you into a tenuous comfort with an impending blast waiting to tie your ear hair in knots. Headtrip lyrics with a homey touch give some of life's more thought provoking moments a serious goof. And

around all of this are well placed tapes of outside material (backward songs and voices, bits of classical music, gibberish), giving the proceedings a disjointed sort of cohesion. Imagine the feel for dynamics of Sonic Youth, Phantom Tollbooth or Pink Floyd mixed with the loose intensity of Meat Puppets II's less country moments and let's toss in the absurd truths of the Butthole Surfers at their most comprehensible. Now, imagine buying me a carton of cigarettes.

Even the packaging of this record is awe inspiring. The cover is a collage of band members' artwork and pictures of flowers, cliffs and a dead pig hanging upside down. The cover opens up just like all those Allman brothers records used to do. Once inside we see the lyrics hand written in phosphorescent colors on one side and pictures of our three new friends in all their midwestern, "unhip" cool, squatting by the side of the road or milling around in their element on the other. For a limited time you can even get this record on clear vinyl. Nothing more need be said.

-Kevin Mead



was certainly going to have a word with the pilot about this...

If you've ever wondered about the local music talent, October 17th was a good night to see it in action. The Coyote Club hosted three bands from the Wichita area: Legs Akimbo, The Graveltones, and Klyde Konnor, aptly billed as "A Trio of Trios."

The Coyote Club, located at 3813 N. Broadway, has all the creature comforts of a neighborhood dive complete with bar, pool tables and videogames. In addition to these minor diversions, the Coyote Club sports a spacious dance floor which was gradually taken advantage of by the crowd that night.

Legs Akimbo started the show with a quantity of well performed and beautifully lyrical songs. Most of which, I believe, are original compositions. The song "Climb" was the most memorable with it's catchy and harmonious refrain. Legs Akimbo has a country/folk sound similar to that of bands like R.E.M. and Rank and File. The only fault I could find with this performance was the lack of variety from song to song. This is a weakness that may be resolved with more experience as they are fairly new to the Wichita music scene.

Second in line were the Graveltones. Their show opened with exciting theatrics provided by bassist Ed Venture perched atop his fiddle-bass; a scene reminiscent of a movie featuring Bill Haley and the comets. The Graveltones upbeat rockabilly classics kept the dance floor full. I have watched this band over the last year and this show was a good example of their steady improvement.

Last but not least was Klyde Konnor. As usual, this neo-psychedelic trio presented a variety of musical treats. The stylistic diversity and particularly, the sequence of songs frustrated the dancing audience still wound up from the Graveltones. The set did have it's danceable moments but the most enjoyable aspect of the performance was the refined musicianship. The vocal duets by guitarist Mike Coykendall and drummer Cameron Gourley were excellent and gave songs like "Incoming Aircraft" a country flavor. Well executed and improvised guitar solos enhanced the psychedelic-oriented tunes. Most of the material played during this show is original with the exception of a few Pink Floyd covers.

All in all, the "Trio of Trios" put on a good show. The excessive volume, however, was not so pleasant. It is simply not necessary! I encourage anyone whose ears are ringing to tell the board operator to lower the volume at future shows.

-Mary Uyesato

ART'S INDUSTRIAL SUGGESTION
This month our industrial expert Art Grieg politely suggests that you seek out and spin:

"Hirsche Nicht Aufs Sofa"
by the band of the same name
H.N.A.S. a West German band whose name literally means "No moose on the sofa," has produced an album laced with drama and bits of humor. Orchestral arrangements blended with taped sounds and synthesizers make for highly unique and pleasant listening. This record has been released domestically by Rrrecords. Write them at 151 Paige st., Lowell, MA, 01852 for more information. In December, a look at the Wichita Industrial Compile.
Severely,

INDEPENDENT THINKING with Timothy Gilbert

I am a firm believer in the independent musician who creates for his own pleasure first and damn the topdoes. There is a great wealth of music being created today in basements and garages all over the world. Most musicians can barely afford rent, let alone mass production, elaborate packaging or large scale distribution. The majority go unheard beyond a small circle of friends. I am interested in all independent projects by bands and solo artists. Any style of music is welcome. I will review all tapes sent. See page one for address. Please put on envelope: c/o Timothy Gilbert

I'm not one for instrumentals but there is something about "Northeast Hills" that just grabs my nuts. I could listen to this guitar for hours and glean a few pointers here and there. I'm partial to good guitar that's not too laden with cheap electrical gee-gaw and a nice, hefty bass line that would sound good on it's own.

"Sunset Over Milpitas" should be stuffed in the same box as "Invisible Shield" and destroyed by fire. Ever have a song you can't stand just keep running through your head?

Campau's good stuff is great and his bad stuff is not so great. But on a tape this long (90 min.,) there is some room to move. This is well worth the listen and untainted by the poison of big-label impersonality. This tape is exactly what he wanted it to be: it is Donald Campau. Write to Don for a complete listing: Lonely Whistle Music, P.O. Box 23952, San Jose, CA 95153

Donald Campau

I only found out about Mr. Campau a month ago or so. And no one else I know has ever heard of him or Lonely Whistle Music. Well it's about time we noticed him. I feel he is one of the better independent producer/musicians that I've heard in a little while.

Donald Campau has been making tapes since at least 1976. He operates the Lonely Whistle cassette-only label which distributes his own stuff as well as that of some of his cohorts and the "No Pigeonholes" tapes made from the radio show of the same name on KKUP in the California Bay area. This station, by the way is totally independent and listener supported. That's what I like to hear.

Paralyzed By the Very Thought-Campau's latest-is some pretty damn good stuff. He seems to be more than adequately skilled at several instruments. This guy puts out a lot of material and yes there is the occasional filler piece that reeks of cheap shots or technogarbage but it's rare to find an album that doesn't contain at least one time-burner. Remember-one man's filler is another man's meat.

Sometimes I find the songs on this tape to be bordering on "casio masturbation" but then a well placed sax or damn clean guitar progression saves it. There is some pretty sharp musicianship here. One song though that stinks musically is one of my favorites on this tape. It's called "Another Stupid Video" and by God he should be proud of it.

"Invisible Shield" is one of those awful things encrusted with cheap drum machine and discount organ. It sticks in my mind like a festering thorn and that pee-wee-herman-munster-on-cheap-beer-from-hell voice echoes in my slumber, filling me with a sensation somewhat like "the wind". Somehow I like it.

HIS MOJO WASN'T WORKING

About three years ago, Mojo Nixon blundered onto the alternative music scene, sounding like Tom Lehrer trapped inside of Sam Kinison's body. His songs ranged from the humorously inane (Jesus at McDonalds,) to rather biting satire (Burn down the Malls.) The music, for the most part, was a sparse acoustic guitar laid down over a skiffle/blues beat played by the world's last professional washboard player, Skid Roper.

Admittedly, it's hard to prop up two albums with nothing but satirical songs. There's always the danger of lapsing into novelty land and the next thing you know you're writing "Disco Duck" for Rick Dees. Although I doubt Rolling Stone will slap Mojo's face on their issue celebrating The Summer Of Inspid Paranoia 20 years from now, Mojo managed to grind out some very humorous and original songs without too much filler. The fact that two guys with a guitar and a washboard are allowed to make records is definately a vote for record industry anarchy.

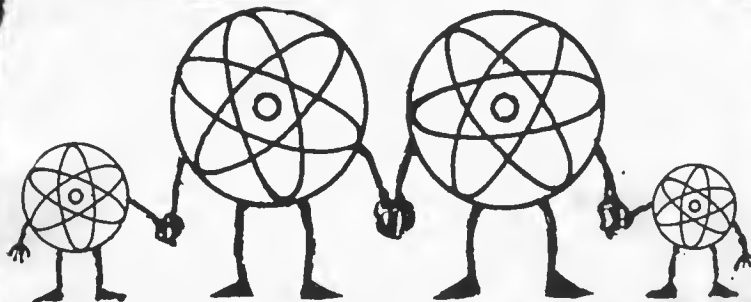
Unfortunately, on Mojo and Skid's latest effort, Bo-Day-Shus, it seems that Mojo's stretching a bit too far for the A.O.R. brass ring. Don't get me wrong-I realize that guitar and washboard can only be spread so far and there's nothing wrong with experimentation. It would have been much more satisfying if "Gin-Guzzlin' Frenzy" had been recorded with 40 tracks of sitars and Karmic chanting. It probably wouldn't have raised the lyrics above another simple-minded, frat-boy drinking song but it would have been better than backing it with a band of E-Street Wannabes, complete with de riguer Clarence Clemons sax solo.

The song, "Positively Bodies Parking Lot", as the title alludes, is Mojo's attempt at Bob Dylan. With lyrics like "Librarian from El Cahone/ Is checkin' out my bone," it's more like a fifteen-year-old Dylan overwhelmed by puberty and airplane glue.

The album has one saving grace in "Elvis is Everywhere." It's the one song that Mojo apparently recorded when his producer wasn't there.

Frankly, the way I feel about Bo-Day-Shus is the same way I felt about Lou Reed's Honda commercial. If Mojo can make a few bucks off this album, more power to him. I guess he's paid his dues. I do hope his next album is recorded by the real Mojo, not, to coin a phrase from "Elvis is Everywhere," the evil opposite of Mojo-a dull Mojo.

-Bill Covington



The Wichita State University
3317 E. 17th Street
Wichita, Kansas 67208
Phone (316) 682-5737



Welcome to the world of Audio Junkfood Recordings (or AJR). We're the people behind 'DEMOLITION KITCHEN', 'THE VARIATION WAVE', and 'MAP HAZARDS' projects. In the past couple of years, we've been producing along with our graphics company, Artificial Happy, music tapes, booklets, T-shirts, and our newest endeavor, multi-media performances. Our catalog is growing steadily along with a variety of artists and collaborators working on future projects. At this time we would like to announce our newest tape, 'MUSIC FOR THE SOULIE MIND'. It is the third tape in a series of collaborative works based on a building block method of music invention. The first tape, 'DEMOLITION KITCHEN', and the second, 'NORTH LLANO SUBWAY' provided a base from which increased interest from collaborators has grown. We know we haven't made it easy for the public to gain access to our music, (a slim budget is partly to blame,) but if you are interested in what we have to offer write us for more information and we will throw in a special deal.

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KEVIN SMITH
KEVIN MEAD

A horizontal strip of 20 icons representing various aspects of modern life and culture. The icons include: a pill, a globe, a baby bottle, a thermometer, a car, a roll of fabric, a winged figure, a target, a face, a bird, a burger, a skull, a hand, a burger, a bottle, a wheel, a skeleton, a person, and a car.

- (*) 1. Big Dipper -- Heavens -- Homestead
(5) 2. Happy Flowers -- My Skin Covers My Body -- Homestead
(26) 3. Ben Vaughn Combo -- Big Thing -- Restless
(17) 4. Balancing Act -- 3 Squares and a Roof -- Primitive Man
(*) 5. Big Black -- Songs About Fucking -- Touch & Go
(6) 6. Ophelias -- Ophelias -- Strange Weekend
(29) 7. Richard Lloyd -- Real Time -- Celluloid
(2) 8. Alex Chilton -- High Priest -- Big Time
(*) 9. Volcano Suns -- Bumper Crop -- Homestead
(*) 10. Flaming Lips -- Oh My Gawd!!!!..The Flaming Lips -- Restless
(7) 11. Verlaines -- Juvenila -- Homestead
(4) 12. Dukes of Stratosphere -- Psonic Psunspots -- Geffen
(1) 13. Tom Waits -- Frank's Wild Years -- Island
(11) 14. Einsturzende Neubauten -- Fuenf Auf Der Nach Oben Offenen Richterskala --
Relativity
(*) 15. Jane's Addiction -- Triple X
(*) 16. Meat Puppets -- EP -- SST
(23) 17. Dumptruck -- For The Country -- Big Time
(27) 18. Celibate Rifles -- Roman Beach Party -- What Goes On
(8) 19. Thelonious Monster -- This Saturday Afternoon -- Relativity
(*) 20. Ramones -- Halfway to Sanity -- Sire
(3) 21. Opal -- Happy Nightmare Baby -- SST
(*) 22. Barrance Whitfield & The Savages -- Call of the Wild -- Rounder
(*) 23. Angst -- Mystery Spot -- SST
(16) 24. Membranes -- Time Warp - 1991 -- Homestead
(*) 25. Chesterfield Kings -- Don't Open Till Doomsday -- Mirror
(9) 26. Pussy Galore -- Right Now -- Caroline
(*) 27. Love & Rockets -- No New Tale To Tell -- Big Time
(*) 28. Smiths -- Strangeways, Here We Come -- Sire
(*) 29. Leaving Trains -- Fuck -- SST
(12) 30. Alien Sex Fiend -- The Impossible Mission -- PVC/Passport
(*) 31. Chris Stamey -- It's Alright -- A & M
(40) 32. Viv Akauldren -- I'll Call You Sometime -- Akashic
(19) 33. Foetus All Nude Review -- EP -- Relativity
(15) 34. Appliances SFB -- Green Door/Them -- Ruthless
(*) 35. Legs Akimbo -- Local
(*) 36. Mercy Seat -- Slash
(*) 37. Graveltones -- Local
(*) 38. Eugene Chadbourne -- Vermine of the Blues -- Fundamental
(*) 39. Divine Horsemen -- Snakehandler -- SST
(*) 40. Angry Samoans -- Inside My Brain -- PVC/Passport

NOVEMBER:

- 11-TRIP SHAKESPEARE AT THE BOTTLENECK IN LAWRENCE
13-TOXIC REASONS AT THE outhouse IN LAWRENCE
18-BLACK CRACK REVIEW AT THE BOTTLENECK IN LAWRENCE
20-RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS AND FAITH NO MORE AT THE COYOTE IN WICHITA
20-HOMESTEAD GRAYS AT THE BOTTLENECK IN LAWRENCE
25-BEN VAUGHN COMBO AT THE COYOTE IN WICHITA
27-NOEL HILL AT THE BOTTLENECK IN LAWRENCE
29-THE BLIVETS AT THE COYOTE IN WICHITA

DECEMBER:

- 1-JOE KING CARRASCO AT THE BOTTLENECK IN LAWRENCE

A NOTE FROM OUR LAWRENCE CORRESPONDANT

After his performance at the River City Reunion, Jello Biafra came to K.U. for a free show and lecture. After the 3½ hour event, he put out a shoe to take donations for his anti-censorship group, No More Censorship Defense Fund. He talked alot about his August trial. When the policemen (all 9 of them) raided his apartment, they were concerned about the 200 or so pictures of missing children in his kitchen. He said it was hard to resist telling them to dig up the basement. He also gave some tips on fighting censorship: Don't buy any record from a store that puts any kind of rating sticker on it's albums. Tell them that you won't. Picket democratic presidential candidates

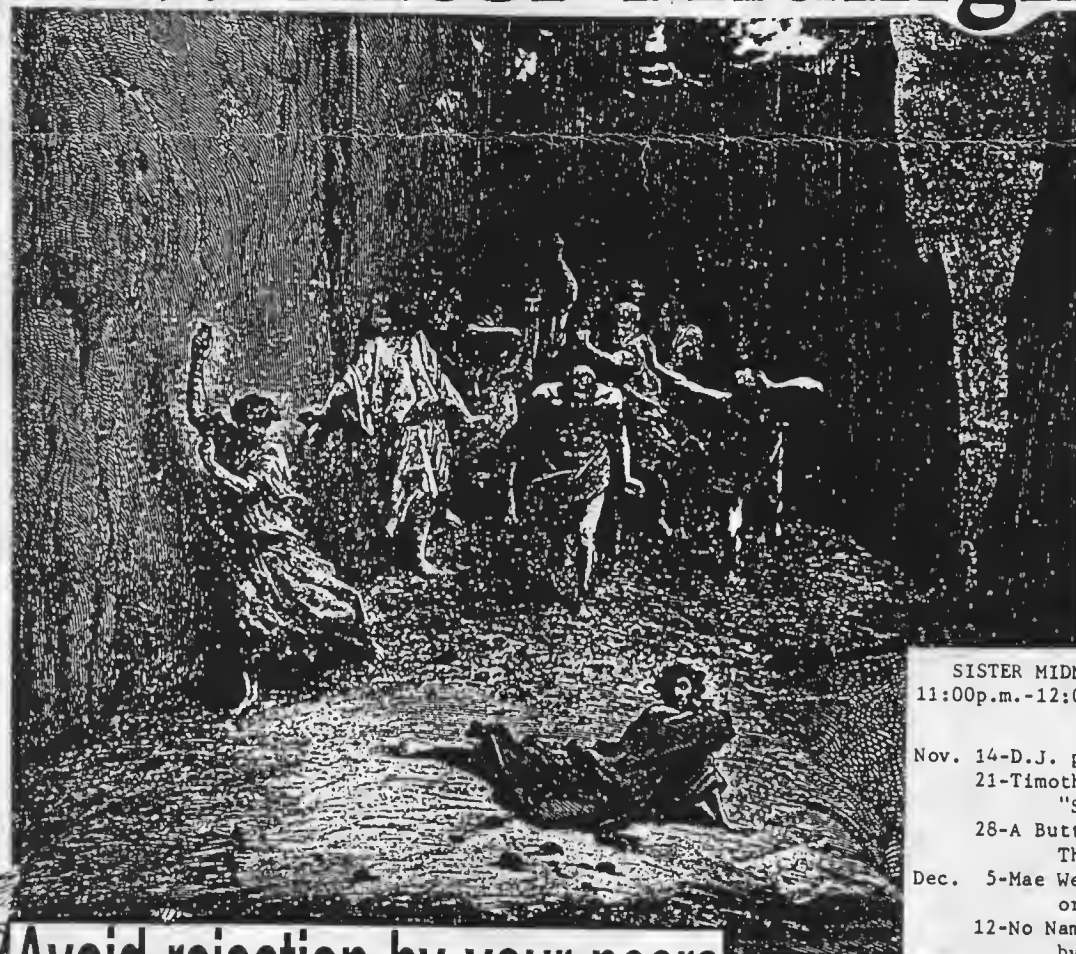
Gore and Simon if they show up in your town. Both have wives on the P.M.R.C. The lecture started with several spoken-word pieces which will be on an upcoming album. They were full of the political and social commentary we've come to love and expect from the man but even blunter and more direct than ever.

-Scott Manning

COOL NEW OR UPCOMING RELEASES

Game Theory*Lolita Nation-Enigma
Volcano Suns*Bumper Crop-Homestead
Chris Stamey*It's Alright-A&M
Alter Boys*Soul Desire-Big Time
Victory*Don't Get Mad Get Even-Celluloid
Various*Who's Not Who in Athens, Ga.-Instant Tea
Circle Jerks*Circle Jerks VI-Relativity
Camper Van Beethoven*Vampire Can Mating Oven-Rough Trade
Fetchin' Bones*Galaxy 500-Capitol
Soundtrack*Straight to Hell-Enigma
Various*Flipside Vinyl Fanzine 3-Gasatanka/ Dutch East
Meat Puppets*Huevos-SST
Descendents*Livage-SST
Black Flag*Waisted Again-SST
Various*No Age-SST(Nov. 6)
HR*Human Rights-SST(Nov. 6)
Sonic Youth*Master Dik-SST(Nov. 6)
Paper Bag*A Land Without Fences-SST(Nov. 6)
Firehose*If'n-SST(Nov. 15)
Various*Blasting Concept 3-SST(Nov.15)
Hank Williams*I Won't Be Home No More-Polydor PG(Nov.23)
Hank Williams*Let's Turn Back the Years-Polydor PG(Nov.23)
Various*Big Time Syndrome-Big Time(Nov. 24)

KMUW-After Midnight



SISTER MIDNIGHT
11:00p.m.-12:00a.m.Sat

Nov. 14-D.J. picks
21-Timothy Gilbert-
"Self Portrait"
28-A Butthole Surfers'
Thanksgiving
Dec. 5-Mae West vs. Divine
or someone like him
12-No Name-Instrumental music
by Andrew Slaughter



Avoid rejection by your peers

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE

89.1 FM

GOPHER PURGE PRESS
c/o KMUW
3317 E. 17th ST.
WICHITA, KS
67208

INSIDE

THE
GOPHER
PURGE
PRESS

Issue Two Dec. 87

THE GRUPTHER PRESS SURGEY

BEN VAUGHN

the official
Newsletter of
KMUU's
AFTERMIDNIGHT

Inside:
- Reviews
- Gordon Gano
Interview
- Playlist

FREE





A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Hi.

Lots of stuff to talk about. I'll try to make it short.

First, thanks to you who gave us money and merchandise this November for the pledge drive. The station added almost \$30,000.00 to the coffers and over \$1,000.00 of that came from After Midnight listeners. Trust me, that's good. Your support is not only appreciated, it's necessary.

Next, send us things: photos, news, art, reviews, concert info ect. I'd like to print some stupid letters too, so keep 'em coming in.

And finally. It's not a rumor. It's true. As of January 1st, the Sister Midnight show will no longer be heard between 11:00pm and 12:00am on Saturdays. Instead, please wait until midnight for alternative programming once again on Saturday Nights. At that time a new show, The Midnight Hour, will air until 1:00am. Sabina will then entertain you as usual. A change in KMWU programming is scheduled for the early evening on Saturdays and all shows following it will be pushed up, thus the gobbling up of Sister Midnight. The Sister Midnight show was a creative, often bizarre look at local and national music. I expect that Joel will have similar fare to offer on the Midnight Hour. Still, I'm truly sad to see that extra hour go. To the After Midnight staff it meant alot more than 60 minutes of programming. It was our answer to the oft-asked question, "Why aren't you on before midnight?" It was also our little victory in the war against dull rock programming. We were proud of that hour. Marching forward, tune in the Midnight Hour. Maybe Sunday night would be better for early alternative programming. What do you think? Hoppin' holidays to you.

--Teri Mott
Music Director
After Midnight
KMWU



THANKS TO:

JOEL SANDERSON FOR ART DIRECTION AND
GROOVEY LAYOUT

KIRBY'S
SECOND TIME AROUND
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS-
CHERYL BURKE PETE STUDDTMANN
TIM GILBERT ART GRIEG
JAKE EUKER KEVIN MEAD
HENRY NELSON BILL COVINGTON

PHOTOS of BEN VAUGHN by

HENRY NELSON copyright 1987

Some cartoons borrowed
from the "SUB-GENIUS"

Our Address: Gopher Purge Press c/o KMWU- 3317e. 17th,
Wichita, KS 67208



The Wichita State University
3317 E. 17th Street
Wichita, Kansas 67208
Phone (316) 682-5737

NOVEMBER PLAYLIST

- (*) 1. Fetchin' Bones -- Galaxy 500 -- Capitol
- (*) 2. Game Theory -- Lolita Nation -- Enigma
- (10) 3. Flaming Lips -- Oh My Gawd...!!! -- Restless
- (36) 4. Mercy Seat -- The Mercy Seat -- Slash
- (*) 5. Brian Ritchie -- The Blend -- SST
- (16) 6. Meat Puppets -- Huevos -- SST
- (*) 7. Government Issue -- You -- Giant
- (1) 8. Big Dipper -- Heavens -- Homestead
- (*) 9. Leather Nun -- Force of Habit -- I.R.S.
- (4) 10. Balancing Act -- Three Squares and a Roof -- Primitive Man
- (38) 11. Eugene Chadbourne -- Vermin of the Blues -- Fundamental
- (*) 12. Cindy Lee Berryhill -- Who Will Save The World? -- Rhino
- (*) 13. Screaming Blue Messiahs -- Bikini Red -- Elektra
- (*) 14. Tim Gilbert -- Mr. Drink/Cassette -- Local
- (23) 15. Angst -- Mystery Spot -- SST
- (9) 16. Volcano Suns -- Bumper Crop -- Homestead
- (-) 17. Red Hot Chili Peppers -- Uplift Mofo Party Plan -- EMI/Manhattan
- (5) 18. Big Black -- Songs About ***** -- Touch & Go
- (-) 19. Gene Loves Jezebel -- House of Dolls -- Geffen
- (7) 20. Richard Lloyd -- Real Time -- Celluloid
- (*) 21. These Immortal Souls -- Get Lost (don't lie) -- SST
- (22) 22. Barrence Whitfield & The Savages -- Call of the Wild -- Rounder
- (*) 23. Reviers -- Saturday -- Capitol
- (*) 24. Rhenyard's Grin -- Dust Devils -- Fundamental
- (29) 25. Leaving Trains -- **** -- SST
- (*) 26. Screaming for Emily -- Scriptures -- Permanent Rave
- (*) 27. Legendary Pink Dots -- Stone Circles -- Play It Again Sam
- (*) 28. Various -- Dogs in Space Soundtrack -- Atlantic
- (*) 29. Naked Prey -- 40 Miles From Nowhere -- Frontier
- (15) 30. Jane's Addiction -- Jane's Addiction -- Triple X
- (-) 31. Various -- I Was A Teenage Zombie -- Enigma
- (*) 32. Young Fresh Fellows -- Refreshments -- Frontier
- (*) 33. Thin White Rope -- Bottom Feeders -- Frontier
- (*) 34. Bedlam Hour -- Rock the Cradle -- Positive Force
- (31) 35. Chris Stamey -- It's Alright -- A & M
- (*) 36. Elvis Costello -- Out of the Idiot -- Demon
- (*) 37. They Might Be Giants -- EP -- Bar None
- (*) 38. Yo La Tengo -- New Wave Hotdogs -- Coyote/Twin Tone
- (3) 39. Ben Vaughn -- Beautiful Thing -- Restless
- (8) 40. Alex Chilton -- High Priest -- Big Time



NEW AND UPCOMING RELEASES

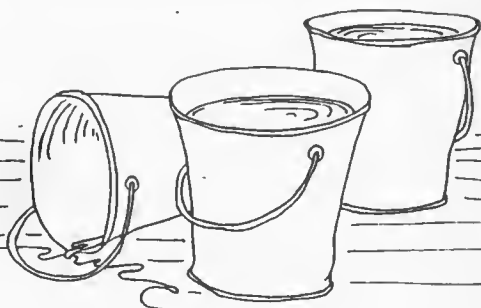
- Dinosaur Jr. - EP - SST
- Cassandra Complex - Fundamental
- Defenestration - Dali Does Windows - Relativity
- Great Plains - Sum Things Up - Homestead
- Camper Van Chadbourne - Fundamental
- Various - Big Time Syndrome - Big Time
- They Might Be Giants - EP - Bar None
- Ritual Tension - The Blood of the Kid - Celluloid
- Doctors Mob - Sophomore Slump - Relativity
- Silos - Tennessee Fire - ILA
- Various - Straight to Hell Soundtrack - Enigma
- HR - Human Rights - SST
- David Rudder, Charlies Roots - This is Soca - Sire
- Elvis Costello - Out of our Idiot - Demon
- Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers - Modern Lovers
- Breaking Circus - Smoker's Paradise - Homestead
- Live Skull - Dusted - Homestead
- Big Dipper - 12" - Homestead
- Verlaines - Bird Dog - Homestead
- Sonic Youth - Master Dik EP - SST
- Doug Orton - Richard Brautigan's Body - Gene Pool
- Various - Discpan Hands - Rave
- Gun Club - Mother Juno - Fundamental

SHOWS TO SEE

- SLEEPY LA BEEF & THE RYTHM RANGERS *Dec. 11* Coyote Club
- GRAVELTONES & TAILGATORS *Dec. 12* Coyote Club
- HOMESTEAD GRAYS *Dec. 17&18* Jazzhouse-Lawrence
- BLIVETS *Dec. 27* Coyote Club
- SAX MANIACS & GRAVELTONES *Jan. 1&2* Coyote Club
- ANGST *Jan. 11* Kansas City (tentative)

All shows subject to cancellation ect. so call ahead before driving 350 miles.
Add to this list. Send us your concert dates by the 1st of every month.

Igloos of the Southwest



INTERVIEW



It's Halloween. The Ben Vaughn Combo is getting ready to play an acoustic set for the dozen or so eager followers gathered at Second Time Around records. I'm dressed like a cat. Ben Vaughn is feeling talkative. He's playing the Coyote tonight. He's got a new album. What more could he ask for? Life's a "Beautiful Thing."

GP: I hear you guys rented a house in Lawrence...

BV: In fact, we just left there today. We rented a house on Kentucky street for the whole month of October. We did that so we could base ourselves in the mid-west in a centralized location. So we could play most cities twice or maybe three times within a month, which is something most east coast bands can't do. We wanted to make it easy to come back repeatedly and build up a following.

GP: It's worked.

BV: Actually our first show ever here (Wichita) was great too. We played on a Sunday night, two sets at the Coyote, and the place was really crowded. That's excellent for being on the road. It's different now because people really know who we are. Before, touring was like... you wonder why you're doing it sometimes. You show up and nobody's there.

GP: Your music seems to draw from alot of sources.

BV: We're a rarity in that we are able to draw more

of a cross section when we play. We don't appeal just to college radio audiences or just alternative music fans or just people who read fanzines. We also appeal to people who just work all week and go out for a beer. We're not specialized entertainment.

GP: Do you like playing the mid-west?

BV: I love it. It's great. It's not so different from where we live except there's more space. Everything's spread out, the air's cleaner. Other than that-I live in South Jersey which is either all industrial or farm country and some suburbs. It's very similar to this area. Except, you know, the streets are narrower. I like the mid-west a whole lot. We came here for a reason you know, we came here to hang out.

GP: Gus, your accordion player, is he from Wichita?

BV: Not exactly from Wichita, but he lived here enough years to be from here. He lived here seven or eight years.

GP: He was in the Buckthrusters, wasn't he?

BV: Yes, he was in the Buckthrusters and he hung around with the Embarrassment and I think, ran sound for them when the other guy couldn't. He was involved in the Buckthrusters, New Wave Brothers, bands like that.

GP: How did you guys get together?

BV: Well, simply, the Morells, from Springfield, Missouri. They were a big mid-west band. I was friends with them and they were doing a lot of my songs. They came up to New York and did alot of shows and I sang with them and everybody started asking me to play their clubs. I didn't have a band. One club, Folk City, convinced me to play as a solo artist, acoustic, and I didn't want to do that, it was too scary. So I got Lonesome Bob to play snaredrum with me. We called ourselves the Ben Vaughn Combo because we figured it sounded like a group. We could charge more money. We did that show and it got written up in the

New York Times. So I was on my way and I didn't even know how it happened. Then Aldo joined on upright bass, and Gus joined on accordion. We were acoustic for about a year which you'll see today. We're a little rusty now but we were acoustic our whole first year. We used to play on streetcorners 'cause we couldn't get booked in Philadelphia. We just gradually added electric instruments because our songwriting was starting to outgrow the instrumentation we had. I grew up playing electric rock and roll. Acoustic was uh... I was a latent folkie.

GP: Did you ever make a record or cassette when you were acoustic?

BV: Some things are going to be coming out on a flexi-disc in France; a version of my first band doing one of my songs acoustic on a radio show.

GP: Why France?

BV: We're real big in France. Honest to God, we're gonna be going over to Europe, I believe, in February. We're working on it now. France and Italy we're really popular.

GP: How did that happen?

BV: Our records have been available there since the beginning. They just listened to them, I guess and liked 'em. And the new album has Jerry Lewis in France. It's a single that's coming out in Europe with "She's a Real Scream" on the back. It's coming out soon or may even be out. Everyone says, you guys go over there, they'll love you. We've been getting playlists from Radio France. We're number 7.

GP: Is touring fun?

BV: It's great. It's tough being away from home. We're on a ten week tour. We've got five more weeks to go.

GP: What have you really enjoyed about this tour?

BV: Art Busch's grandmother. She runs the motel next to the Coyote Club. She's 94 years old. She is an amazing woman. I'm really looking forward to hanging out with her tonight. I sat in the lobby and talked to her right up

until we went on last time. She said, "Why don't you take a nap young man? You look tired." She let me take a nap in this chair. And I hung out and talked to her.

We've explored most of the cities we've been to. Went to a Cubs' game at Wrigley Field. Saw the Royals in Kansas City. We've got a great group of guys. Nobody's really into the rock star thing- drinking and partying. Those guys like to drink beer. I don't drink at all. I don't do anything. I'm 100% straight. Everybody's good sports. We have a good time. And out of six people, the band, the driver and the soundman, nobody smokes. I used to smoke and so did our drummer and so did Gus. We all quit the same day. Two years ago. We just had our second anniversary.

GP: Did you write all the songs on both LPs?

BV: On the first one, everything by me. Second LP we do a cover, but it's not really a cover, cause it's the first recorded version of this song to ever exist. It's written by Dan Marcus who's a friend of mine. He wrote "Growin' a Beard" that the Morells used to do. We're like, writers who hang out together. He's got a job and I don't. That's why I beat him to it. If he didn't have a job, he'd probably have it recorded by now.

GP: Of your songs, what is your favorite?

BV: I always get songs confused with the way the recordings came out. It's tough when you produce yourself. Which I'm doing now. The new LP I produced myself. I think "Shing-a-ling with Me" came out the best. I'm not sure if that's my favorite song as it's written, but it sure came out nice. I heard it again the other day. I think "Lover's Leap" is my most complex lyric. I think I crammed a whole lot into the three minutes in that one. "Brenda Lee" of course I'm real proud of.

GP: What's your favorite song of all time?

BV: "Wooly Booly" is right up there. Now were talking about records. I have a whole mess of favorites. One day you ask me, it might be "Wooly Booly" and the next day it might be "Love is All Around" by the Troggs. Songs I heard as a young kid, that made me want to do



this are the one's I'd pick if I had to make a top ten or something. The one's that never leave you.

"Satisfaction" blew my mind. I was ten years old and it blew my mind. I never got over how great that record was. It knocked me out. So did "There Is" by the Dells. Philadelphia radio was basically soul radio. There were a lot of soul acts: the Intruders, the Delphonics, the O'Jays and Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes. All that stuff is what I grew up on. So a lot of songs that really influenced me and when I hear them I actually feel that emotion-you know-a lot of them are soul.

GP: Does Bob really play a '69 Rambler hubcap?

BV: Oh yeah.

GP: Was that off your car?

BV: Yeah, there's three more left.

GP: Do you still drive a '69 Rambler?

BV: I used to. Unfortunately that car got towed, impounded. That fee has exceeded the actual amount that I paid for the car to begin with. The good news is I bought a '66 Rambler American Wagon. For 300 bucks. The front cover of our new album, I'm sitting on the tailgate of it.

GP: Will you ever get your '69 out of hock?

BV: I think it's probably been destroyed by now. But I am going to get a fleet of Ramblers and I'm gonna get all my friends to drive them. Then we'll go down the highway in a V formation like the Hell's Angel's. Threaten people on the road with Ramblers.

CONT.

GP: Who are the Giant Slugs Horn Section?

BV: They're just two guys from Philadelphia who came up and introduced themselves to me. They said "You need horns" and I said "Yeah? Prove it to me." They jammed with us one night and were really good and funny guys, too. They're on three or four songs on our album.

GP: How do you feel about the music industry today?

BV: I hope the big drum sound goes away. I think that even kids are getting tired of it. Frank Zappa said something really good in an interview recent-

ly. I don't really follow what Zappa's doing musically that much anymore. I've lost interest. But he still gives a good interview. He said, when kids go out and buy a drum, a snare drum, and they take it home and hit it with a stick, they're really disappointed. It doesn't sound like what they thought it was gonna sound like. It's a shame and I'm just sick and tired of hearing it. Even Eric Clapton, you put on an Eric Clapton record and there's that drum sound. It's too much of a sonic blast. There's rules in the marketplace and this is the new rule. It's a shame that that's how things are. Even alternative bands use the big drum sound now. It's bumming me out. I made my album purposely with a very modest sound. I've gotten complaints from people about it sounding small. I thank them. That's what I wanted. I wanted a good, modest, real, sincere record instead of the big drum sound. I hope that leaves us.



Blind Fred the Pole Vaulter had no idea that
Some one had replaced his pole with a very large
Stork leg. He raced onward, unaware...

by

What bugs me about it is, if you want to get a hit now, you've got to do it. A record won't even be considered to be worth the promotion at a label unless it sounds like other records. That's why I chose an independent label. We've been to the major labels, talking to them all. They've all said, "Accordian is great, but..." I'm not gonna change. I don't care. I'm doing this because I want to. I really care about music to the point where I may make some naive business moves, because of the lack of integrity in certain things that are offered. I'm really happy with Restless. I tell them that every day on the phone. They say, tell the interviewers that.

GP: What do you see in the Combo's future?

BV: Another album, touring Europe. I've been writing and writing and writing. I have about three more albums worth of material we haven't even tapped into yet. I guess what's in the future is me pulling my hair out trying to decide which 12 songs to record next. There are some tasks that I've kinda dug myself a hole... I manage the band too, so I'm very busy. We used to have a manager. We don't anymore. We split with him, so I manage the band.

GP: Do things work out better that way?

BV: They do. They work out great. Only I know what's appropriate and inappropriate, that's the problem I was having with my ex-manager. He used what he thought were the best tactics. I like to break the rules. A lot. I think I'm smart

enough to know when someone's pulling a snow-job on me. I can hold my own. But it's awful, awful busy. Playing and writing and producing and also managing is just nuts. I used to practice guitar a couple of hours a day and I don't do that anymore because of this.

I see things just getting better for us now. After we finish this tour up and we're home for Christmas, I'm gonna sit back and realize what work we've done. Right now it's just day to day, getting it done, keep it going. I'll probably pull the covers over my head.

--Teri Mott

30-million toy trucks were bought in the U.S. in 1966.

Fin

ALBUM REVIEWS

THIN WHITE ROPE
BOTTOM FEEDERS
FRONTIER

We live in an apartment full of people, a dumb cat and a mean cat. The dumb cat became pregnant, (I plead the fifth) and gave birth to smaller wet cats. The mean cat would like nothing more than to eat our new arrivals. We people arrange the apartmental occurrences with kitten-eating avoidance as our primary concern. This annoys the mean cat who waits, impatiently next to the closed door that separates it from those moist, crunchy, little tidbits it craves so dearly. Oh, if only it had evolved to the doorknob turning stage the mean cat would really have a good time. I bring this to your attention in order to give you some idea of the anticipation with which I awaited the new Thin White Rope e.p. Granted, I wasn't crouching near our front door any more than I usually do and the record contains next to no nutritional value but I enjoyed it's arrival nonetheless and listening to it didn't leave me coughing up fur balls.

If you've been fortunate enough to witness this band at either of their live shows in town or listened to their previous two albums, you probably realize that they fall somewhere between the West coast cowboy hat bands and the East coast feedback folks. If this seems vague, I apologize but it's been typed and I'll be damned if I'm going back to the beginning and relive that immaterial cat drivel. Let's try this. Thin White Rope songs can place you in the desert, parch your lips, cover you in dust and leave you smelling awful. Add to this the fact that you are also dragging your toxically nauseous horse behind you and are moving very slowly to nowhere in particular. And it's night.

Bottom Feeders (they're fish so get that image of brown lips out of your head) contains four originals and covers of Jimmy Reed's "Ain't That Lovin' You Baby" and Suicide's "Rocket U.S.A.." Of the originals "Macy's Window" stands out as one from rubber world with a guitar line that resembles someone nervously playing a saw with a mallet. The Suicide cover was recorded live and contains some of the best "your guitar is too close to your amplifier" beauty heard since Karl Precoda forgot how to make gravity work and floated out of the Dream Syndicate and out of our atmosphere forever. The signature of Thin White Rope's sound lies within singer Guy Kyser's neck. His deep disturbing quaver sounds not unlike a man singing into a fishbowl of pudding. In a perfect world Guy would have sung the Love Boat theme and Fred Grandy would have jumped overboard somewhere in the Bermuda Triangle. Instead, Jack Jones did and Fred's a United States congressman.

For those still "wet behind their eyyyyeearrrrs" about this band, I highly recommend their last album Moonhead. The desired trancelike effect is much more conducive to a long player. Bottom Feeders is a very fine between-albums release, however and well worth any ill gotten gain you may have lying around. Now if you'll excuse me, Firehose has a new album due out soon and I have some crouching to attend to.

--Kevin Mead

ALTERNATIVE MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS

If you're anything like me, and I am, the very last thing you want to do in twenty degree weather is to jump start your car, probably with a hangover, and drive around making preparations for a merry little Christmas. If hearing a Muzak version of "Silver Bells" in a mall makes you, too, turn green and red against your will, then you, like me, might be interested in hearing what I call Alternative Music for Christmas. I haven't selected this music for it's Christmas topicality. I have looked instead for that music which I have found most effective in curing "Jingle Bells" and nipping the Christmas Spirit in the bud. In their own way, all of these selections are excellent, if diverse, with a high noise content as the common denominator. My advise for this Christmas: stay home, curl up in front of an uncontained fire, and play a couple of these records, loud.

* BERLIN-Lou Reed-By the time the children begin wailing "Mommy" on "The Kids" you should be firmly established in what could be properly be termed an anti-Christmas mood. This is the most depressing track; at its most cheerful Berlin is every bit as upbeat as, say, "Shoah" or 1984. I would have included Lou Reed's double L.P. Machine Metal Music as well, but I'm trying to cut down.

* MODERN DANCES-Jandek-This L.P. isn't so much depressing as it is ludicrous, and while you're likely to hear a lot of ludicrous music around Christmas, this thing almost seems intentional. (You may have heard "Painted My Teeth" on After Midnight, in which case you'll know what I mean.) Mixed, by the sound of it, some time before the invention of the wireless telegraph, the howling vocals and guitar often peak out in such a way as to create a kind of tuneless, flattened roar that you just don't get in "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

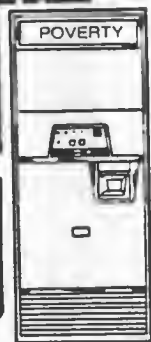
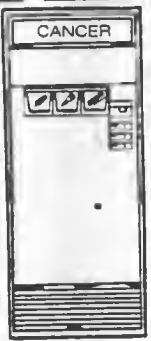
* JUNKYARD-The Birthday Party-I hear so much about peace and love this time of year that for me it's actually refreshing to hear Nick Cave say, anytime in December, that he put a 6" gold blade in the head of a girl. Those of you who are acquainted with the Birthday Party will already know that the sound is not conducive to sipping hot cider or trimming trees, but the world would be a better place this Christmas season if you would get a hold of a copy of this and tell others about it.

* ALBUM-Flipper-"(I Saw You) Shine" is my favorite cut, and the title sounds Christmassy enough, but the song itself is an eight-minute dirge that is likely to make the housepets devour their offspring without really knowing why. Sample lyrics: "Show me your pain/ Your pain makes me burn." And remember that this is all really slow. Also includes the hits "Sex Bomb" and "Life is Cheap," two tracks that I don't have the energy to describe right now.

*-NO NEW YORK-Various Artists-This compilation, featuring Mars, D.N.A., James Chance, and Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, is the unholy spawn of producer Brian Eno and the island of Manhattan. You wouldn't want to make the mistake of confusing it with Eno's ambient music, but if you did you'd only make it once and the dinner party would be ruined anyway. Features, among other offences, the vocals of Lydia Lunch and Arto Lindsay; they sound better than ever to me this time of year.

--Jake Euker

CONT.



Before I get down to business, I'd like to remind everyone that I am reviewing "Independent" tapes. I realize that these are vague terms but usually "Independent" means cassette projects that were produced by the artist or someone distributing for them and just about always on a limited budget in spare time. If your tapes qualify send them to me c/o Kmuw-3317 E. 17th St., Wichita, Ks. 67208.

**SLAVE CAVE
GGE RECORDS**

Slave Cave is a four-piece band recorded at The Clubhouse in Akron, Ohio in March of 1987. Now I really don't like taking tapes apart song by song and this one is not a good one to dissect like that. All the songs sound like Slave Cave doing what they do. The band has a style both old and new. This is not speed metal or thrash but it sure isn't lacking in power. The songs are not fast grind but are very strong just the same and at times remind me of the late 60's and early 70's style of power rock with bands like Black Sabbath and Deep Purple. Still, Slave Cave isn't an oldie-moldy copy band. There is enough life in what they do to make it new and real. Yes, they do cover two songs on the tape that could be labeled as a cop-out by another band but I really like their versions of Neil Young's "Ohio" and Marc Bolan's "The Slider."

In all, this is some straight forward, almost garage band rock and roll done in a tradition before the age of MTV-guitar-hero-mindlessness poisoned our stereos and tvs with Flashy, Fake, Fanatic, Finger Flailers from Hell. I do want to make it clear that these guys do not sound like every other rock and roll band. Slave Cave, I'm sure would do a great and powerful show and I'll go see them if I ever get the chance. I've had more than my fill of 60-70ish copy bands and it's good to hear new talent doing original music that doesn't rely on cheap effects or speedy sleaze to bite you on the ass. This is a good tape from GGE Records who seem to be one of the few outlets for the less-than-famous people of new music who work at least as hard, if not harder than, their famous cohorts. It's good to have a company like GGE in these times of flashy music and artsy-fartsy noise from the dinosaur labels. Thanks for giving us the choice, guys. We need more of you. GGE-P.O.Box 5088, Kent, Ohio 44240.

THE BEDLAM HOUR EXPERIENCE

**BEDLAM HOUR
ROCK THE CRADLE
POSITIVE FORCE**

Last night I stumbled out of a fellow After Midnight disc jockey's apartment with a whole stack of groovy new music to review. I then proceeded to fall down a number of stairs trying to be careful not to drop the albums that I was already juggling. Somehow, when I hit the concrete at the bottom of the stairs, a different album was on top of the stack. This album was "Rock the Cradle" by Bedlam Hour-Thank God for that accident, for when I put that record on my turntable and cranked it on, my eardrums nearly melted with delight. This was no ordinary hard-core band-no, no, no-this was a phenomenon. Something to be experienced.

Never before have I heard any band that combines so many types of music into each song. For instance, imagine the intensity of The Butthole Surfers, the melodic tone of the Rhythm Pigs, the vocal range of the Replacements and the tightness of Rush all combined into one sound. It was almost too much to contend with. Luckily I had a friend to call up and share this new power with. Unluckily, she wasn't home. I had to make due with slamming myself into inanimate objects around my home.

Sometime later, as I lay exhausted from pounding my head into the floor while listening to the songs "Bedlam Hour" and "Get Off (the Drugs) six or seven times each, my friend, who I had tried to call earlier, appeared in my room. She asked me if I had been fighting. I said nothing as I motioned towards the L.P. cover. While she admired the three studs on the back I crawled to the turntable and proceeded to cue side one. She said, "I think they're cute." In reactionary shock I dropped the needle onto a song called "Benjamin Franklin." We both reeled backward as I had forgotten to turn the amplifier down. All she could do was stare into space smiling from ear to ear. She levitated. I passed out. When I came to, the album was over and my friend was sitting in the corner repeating the same word. "Yes, yes, yes." I smiled and cued side two.

Perhaps you, too can have a similar experience. All you have to do is locate "Rock the Cradle." The rest comes naturally.

--Pete Studtmann

ACOUSTIC DOESN'T HAVE TO HURT

**BALANCING ACT
THREE SQUARES AND A ROOF
PRIMITIVE MAN**

It is usually with cynicism earned through bitter experience that I look at any album recorded with acoustic instruments. Nine times out of ten it's some group who wants to harken back to the good ol' days. Some sort of Peter, Paul and Mary deal. A kind of Joan Baez thing. Yeah. Folk music from hell. I appreciate peace, love, hard rains and magic dragons as much as the next guy but hearing those dated, insipid harmonies whining really helps one grasp an understanding of why people end up spraying automatic fire into crowded shopping malls.

There are a few notable exceptions: The Violent Femmes, before fame, fortune and teenage girls with funny haircuts came a-knockin', and The Balancing Act. They were first heard two years ago on the finely tailored (if rather short) "New Campfire Songs" and have followed it up with "Three Squares and a Roof." The production is a bit more varied on this album, with the songs utilizing sparse keyboards and unusual percussion. The music ranges from the psychedelic rave-up of "Kicking Clouds Across the Sky" to the Spanish sounding instrumental "The Governor of Pedro." The lyrics contain some pessimistic wordplay worthy of the great Costello, as in "The Ballad of Art Snyder (He stayed at home last night/ To do some soul searching/ We hope he found one.)" The one drawback is the wimpy Everly Brothers-style "Adventure," which sounds like a plea to bring our boys home from Viet Nam. It's a subject that's been run into the ground by mutants in coffee houses everywhere but considering the rest of the album, Balancing Act can be forgiven this bit of retro-activity.

By using some screaming harmonica fills and good harmonies that jangle the nerves rather than wash over you like the sweet, sticky goo Crosby, Stills and Nash spew out, Balancing Act takes every traditional folk cliché and twists it in their own original direction. If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the daytime, I'd hammer in the nighttime, I'd hammer Suzanne Vega's brains out while screaming the lyrics to this album.

--Bill Covington

interview with

Gordon Gano

The Mercy Seat played last month at the Coyote with their rousing brand of gospel punk..Lead singer for the Violent Femmes, Gordon Gano plays guitar and sings back-up vocals for the group..Former After-Midnight, Cheryl Burke talked with Gano and bassist Pat Moran..Gano talked about his music, his religious convictions, his future plans and what he thinks will happen with the Violent Femmes.

CB: You're touring with the Mercy Seat, which means the Violent Femmes are no more?
Gano: Uh, no it doesn't mean that, it means I'm not touring with the Violent Femmes right now. (Laughs) The Femmes are in the deep freeze, their just on hold and everybody in the group is just doing different things. The one thing I would say about that though, is that people would get the impression that well, that means that if Gordon's playing with the Mercy Seat then that must be his hobby band or the kind of thing that he's doing that's not for real, like the real band or his real job or real career or etc. etc.. And, uh, anyway that's not the case, the band is not a hobby band. It's just that I happen to be in both groups.

CB: How long have you been with the Mercy Seat?
Gano: Uh, the group has been loosely together for three years with these same people. But it's only been about the last year that we've played together with regularity, going on tours and put out an album because I've been busy with another group.

CB: How do your religious convictions figure in with what you're doing now?
Gano: You know that's a difficult question to say, OK, say in one or two sentences...

CB: Have you been religious all along or was there a conversion somewhere along the way?
Gano: Probably the best answer to that is that I can't point to any one time in my life where I can say, on this day..A lot of people can say something like that. I was born and raised in a family that had and has a very strong faith and love and father was a minister. So I was brought up in that kind of environment and of course there's been changes through my own life, but I can't point to one day and say this is the day when everything changed.

CB: I'm wondering about some of the themes that were on the albums with the Violent Femmes.. Add it Up, for instance.

Gano: (Defensive) OK, well, you know what, I'd like to talk to you about that when I'm on a Femme tour. Actually I'd like to keep it a bit more...

CB: I'm getting around, I'm getting around to more questions, I'm just trying...
Gano: Is this the question of how do I justify...

CB: No, I'm choosing that as an example..
Gano: Because it seems so contrasting?

CB: Yeah it seems such a juxtaposition.
Gano: Uh-huh, yes, (Laughs) well I agree.

CB: Where does that fit in with your philosophies or for with what you're doing..

Gano: It's difficult to put some things into words. I don't have a sentence, you know, this is Gordon Gano's philosophy, boom, here it is. Uh, I have a strong belief in the validity of artistic expression in whatever form. Also Christianity is too often put in a little box and man sort of defining God and everything else. And even as far as the Bible goes, so many things are church, and that people would think all that would be from the Bible, but it isn't. There's so much which is tradition. You know a lot of tradition is very good but often a lot of problems come from things like that. So now you see, if I try to answer this question I start babbling and going off on every tangent.

CB: I'm not trying to put you on the spot.
Gano? Right, no, I didn't get that idea.

CB: I'm just really curious...
Gano: No, it's just, ummm, I don't know. I think I just started to scratch the surface with that. I just think that there is, there should be a, uh...I know what I was thinking but I can't say it, I can't think of how to say it and have it come across.

CB: Could we come back to that?
Gano: Maybe, I guess.. the thought was there for a moment.

CB: I'm not that familiar with gospel music. Have you been writing some of the music for the group?
Gano: No, and with the Mercy Seat, one thing that I enjoy so much about it is I come from a background of being the songwriter, lead singer

CONT

"Where do you live?"

and in this group I'm not the lead singer. I do a lot of singing but it's all back up and I haven't written any of the songs. I like it like that. I like keeping a very separate thing. If somebody comes to a show with the Mercy Seat and after a couple of songs, yells out for some song that I wrote with the Violent Femmes, I just can't understand somebody doing that...(Pat comes in) Oh, here comes the blade...(Meaning editing)

CB: Pat's here...In a review from the L.A. weekly, and I quote, "It, meaning your music, kicks butt for Christ." What do you think about that?
Gano: I think I saw that review...that was a nice one.. I liked that.

CB: Most of what I've read is good..but what do you think of kicking butt for Christ?
Gano: I don't know if that should be like on our posters, like a campaign, we go on a national...actually that would be a way of getting more attention, I suppose. It would get more people to see us.. like how David Bowie has tours and really promotes these names..kicking butt for Christ.

CB: What kind of music have you been listening to lately.
Pat: I listen to the Cocteau Twins.

CB: So you both listen to the Cocteau Twins since you're in the same van?
Pat: No, we all have Walkmans.

CB: Oh, good idea.
Gano: Yeah, it seems like one thing about the group is that if we had our music of choice to put on between four people in the group, we have four very different things that we would all put on.

CB: Is Slash (their record label) doing a pretty good job of promoting you people?
Gano: Isn't that an unfair question? Slash is everywhere. They could be listening. I don't know, maybe you work for Slash.

CB: Would'nt I have to tell you if you asked that question?
Gano: No, it's hard to say. We've been doing a lot of interviews and they're a small operation. So it's hard to say.

CB: Do you know how the airplay has been? Has it been pretty good?
Gano: I don't know. I think we'll find out a lot more when we get out to L.A. because on this tour we haven't been out there since we've

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CB: Where did the idea for a gospel, sort of, post punk...
Gano: Oh no, neo...gotta say neo or something like that.

CB: Ok, neo. Where did you come up with that?
Gano: Zena, the lead singer, had the concept for the group. She was brought up in an environment of listening to gospel music continuously. Her mother just loves gospel music and listens to it all the time. And they were friends and considered to be family with some of the great gospel groups of the 60's and I guess the 50's. So she grew up with all that and at one point she felt so sick of it that she never wanted

to hear a gospel song ever again and got very much into the New York mid-seventies punk thing: Dead Boys, Richard Hell and all that. And then sometime after that, somehow I guess a lot of the lyrics from some of those old songs that she just had permeated into her brain from when she was a baby just started coming back to her and started to mean more to her and then she had the idea of sort of combining a lot of the energies of both those things. So the source of a lot of the songs that we do are from her mother's albums that we listen to and then play our own way. A lot of the songs are, quote, cover songs, although if somebody hired us as a cover band they'd probably be a little surprised. We rework them to where we feel they're very much our own songs.

CB: Would the band ever fit into a church environment?
Gano: Well I don't really think that's the place for the band. We've had a couple of experiences with that that weren't exactly glowing. I'm going to pass the mike over here.

CB: Could you tell me a little bit about what happened?
Pat: We played at the Green Belt Festival in North Hampton, England last summer and, for the most part I don't think we were well recieved because I don't think the people really understood what we were about. It was a sort of like a ..it was Christian music but we just didn't really fit into what the typical Christian music band was. I think we shocked a lot of people. And a lot of people just didn't take to it very well.

CB: What did they do?
Pat: Well, some people asked us very awful questions. I mean, they didn't throw tomatoes at us or anything. A lot of people did like it. But I think a lot of people, not a lot, but some people reacted very strongly, negatively to the music.

CB: Were they booing you?
Pat: On no, I think for the most part people liked it. What had happened was after a show we did interviews and there was this one journalist or interviewer who was grilling us about our personal lives which I don't think really comes into question with the music. I mean our relationship, or our faith to God is our own business and our job is to play the music and to make people enjoy it and feel as good as we do when we're on stage playing.

CB: Your tour is going to over in three weeks, what then...do you have any idea?

Gano: (Laughing) Tell 'em Pat.
Pat: Sleep.

Gano: Sleep, sleep. We will, umm, probably keep playing here and there and then when we get back to New York we will play out weekends and things like that. And then we'll take off for the holidays and just see what happens after that.

CB: Do you have any projects in mind with the Femmes?
Gano: The Mercy Seat probably doesn't have any plans with the Femmes.

CB: You personally.
Gano: Me personally? No, it's just uh...

CB: You guys are just free-floating now?
Gano: Yeah it's just, uh, yeah, I don't know.

CB: You have no idea? I was just curious.
Gano: Uh, yep, nope.

Fin



CRITICAL BLAST

S.P.K. has created controversy over content
rs. Their latest LP is "Zamia Lehmanni", co-
"Songs of Byzantine Flowers" This is music
most intense sense of the word. Thickly layered
of reversed sounds-steel bowls, pianos, voices
laced with ambient recordings of factories,
yards, toads and a child's swing. This is gothic
it makes you feel that something should be worship
but you are unsure as to what it is. This excellent
LP re-

Correction: the title of the H.N.A.S. LP re-
last issue is "Im Schatten Der Mohre."

Correction: the title of the
in last issue is "Im Schatten Der Mohre."
On the horizon for Wichita is the emergence
n industrial compile offering Wichita's best in
narrative noise. Featured are the solo efforts of
Haug and John Eberly of the Mumbles, Tunes from
io Junk Food, performances by After Midnight's
in Smith, Tim Gilbert of Joe's Nose and Intrinsic
tor. Available soon from Second Time Around. Listen
January for this tape's debut on the Midnight Hour.

--Art Krieg

Coming JAN. 2

MIDNIGHT

Hour

RADIO CYBERPUNK

JAN. 2 the leading authors of the CyberPunk movement. JOHN SHIRK, WILLIAM G. AND BRUCE

INTERVIEWS WITH

JAN. 9 "drail" (see Art Grieg

JAN. 23 CLIFF MAJORS of the D

Hosted by Dave Ranney

Wichita Blues Societ

on Kevin Smith takes

Maskin



RADIO CYBERPUNK

JAN. 2 the leading authors in
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INTERVIEWS WITH JOHN SHIRLEY, WILLIAM GIBSON AND BRUCE STR

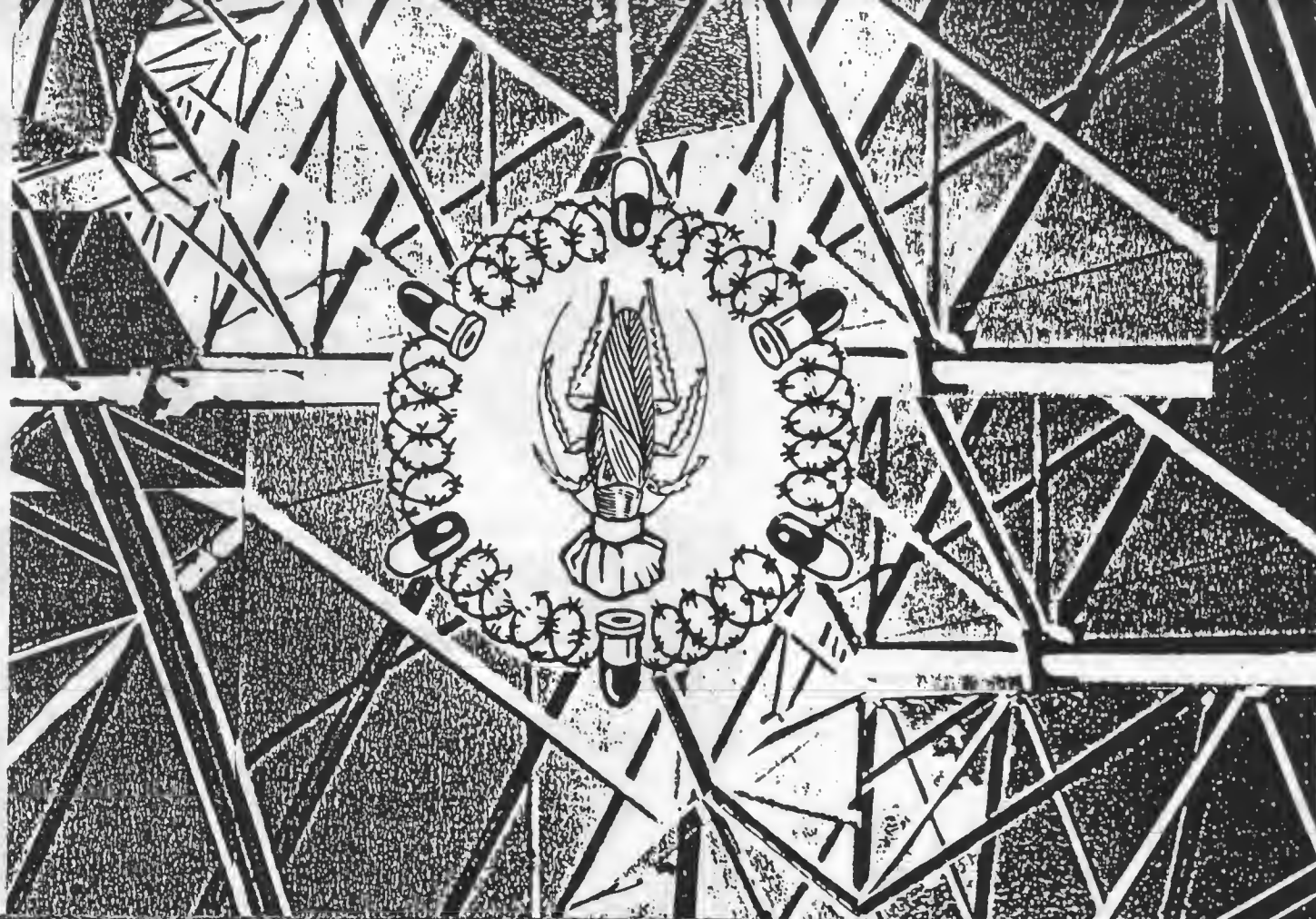
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JAN. 30 Kevin Smith takes a
Backwards Masking in
Record Industry



Jeggae Blues

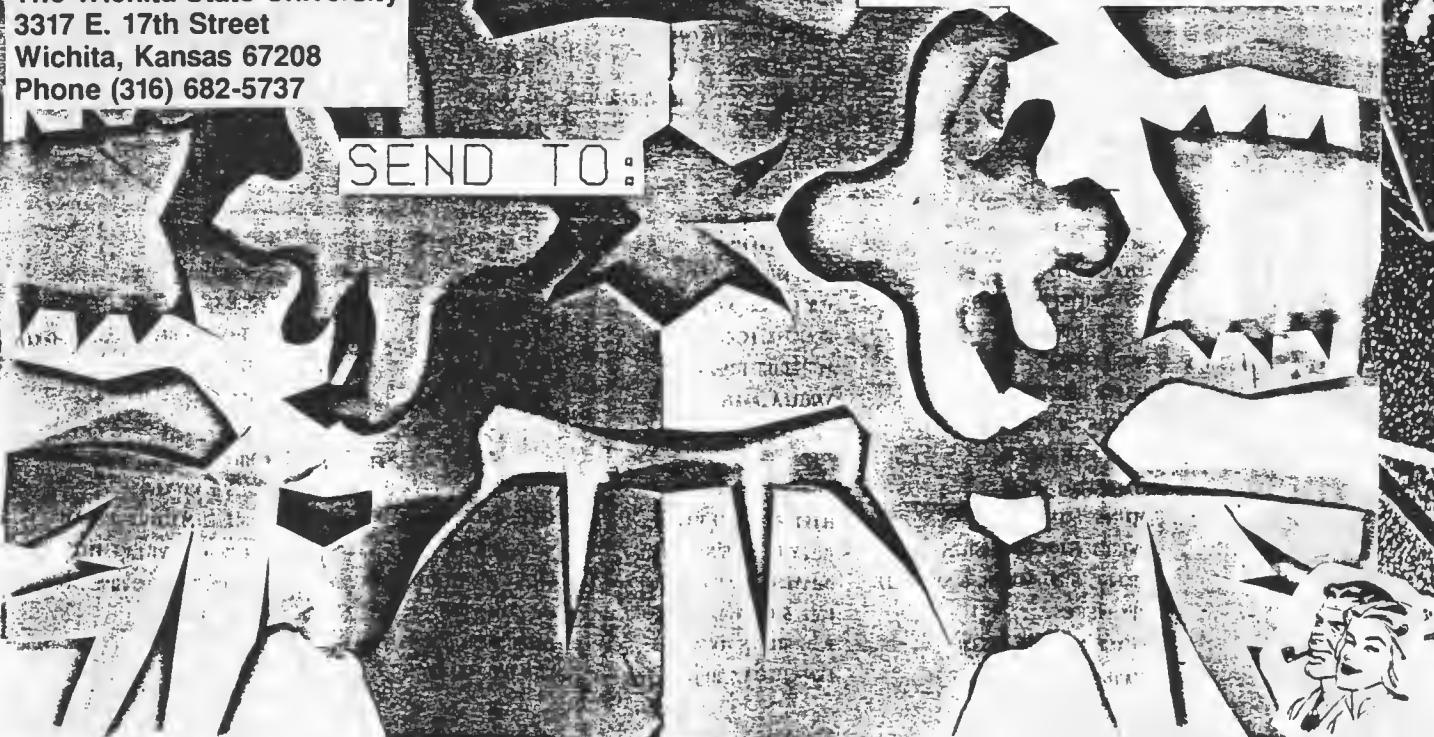


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The Wichita State University
3317 E. 17th Street
Wichita, Kansas 67208
Phone (316) 682-5737

SEND TO:



ISSUE #3

AFTER MIDNIGHT newsletter

THE Gopher Purge

PLAYLISTS INSIDE

FREE



Mike Watt

45 rpm



REVEALS THE INSIDE STORY!

Hi.

Quality before Quantity I always say. You may have noticed that December's GGP (containing November's playlist) arrived sometime in January. Due to the great amount of work that goes into the production of a fine publication like ours, Gopher Purge will now function as a bi-monthly/monthly/occasional. In other words, when we have enough reviews, obnoxious opinions, playlists, interviews and cartoons assembled, we'll print them and send them to you.

About this censorship thing. I trust that interim station manager Joan Freund and new station manager Jeff Skibbe (welcome Jeff!) are not fanatic prudes. They were and are simply concerned about "community standards." I think that Wichitians are sophisticated enough to accept and even welcome unusual ideas and sounds. Many of you have written to express your views on this ever-boiling issue. Thank you for your letters both pro and con on "limitation." I urge you to continue writing and to send us reviews, news ect. if you get the urge. Address your comments to me: TERI MOTT/GGP/KMUW, 3317 E 17th st., Wichita, KS 67208.

See you at our Kirby's hell-raiser March 26. Thanks for your support of Wichita's small, but mighty alternative arts community.

FUNDRAISERETTE IN THE WORKS

TERI MOTT
MUSIC DIRECTOR
AFTER MIDNIGHT/KMUW

Join us at Kirby's Beer Store Saturday March 26 for entertainment courtesy the Blivets, beverages, free records, a chance to become a member of KMUW, and The Warren Armstrong Look-Alike Contest. Show your support for After Midnight and have a more than adequately entertaining evening.

MANY THANKS TO:

JOEL SANDERSON-ART DIRECTION

Brian Long
Mike Watt
Mrs. Nesmith
The Blivets
Richard Davies
& Kirby's
Stephen Fievet
Don W. Seven

Contributing Artists and Writers

Kevin Mead
Tom Curless
Tim Gilbert
Bill Covington
Sabina Fowler
Art Greig
Charlie King
Kevin Smith
Pete Studtmann
Racine Zackula
Charlie Maxton



kmuw

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KNOW RADIO.
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SOUNDED BETTER

The Wichita State University
3317 E. 17th Street
Wichita, Kansas 67208
Phone (316) 682-5737

AFTER MIDNIGHT PLAYLIST
JANUARY, 1988

- (*) 1. Jello Biafra -- No More Cocoons -- Alternative Tentacles
- (*) 2. Dinosaur Jr. -- EP -- SST
- (2) 3. Game Theory -- Lolita Nation -- Enigma
- (33) 4. Thin White Rope -- Bottom Feeders -- Frontier
- (29) 5. Naked Prey -- 40 Miles From Nowhere -- Frontier
- (21) 6. These Immortal Souls -- Get Lost (Don't Lie) -- SST
- (27) 7. Legendary Pink Dots -- Stone Circles -- Play It Again Sam
- (32) 8. Young Fresh Fellows -- Refreshments -- Frontier
- (1) 9. Fetchin' Bones -- Galaxy 500 -- Capitol
- (*) 10. Camper Van Chabourne -- Fundamental
- (7) 11. Government Issue -- You -- Giant
- (37) 12. They Might Be Giants -- EP -- Bar None
- (*) 13. Various/David Rudder -- This Is Soca -- Sire
- (38) 14. Yo La Tengo -- New Wave Hot Dogs -- Coyote
- (9) 15. Leather Nun -- Force of Habit -- IRS
- (*) 16. Swans -- Children of God -- Caroline
- (*) 17. Cassandra Complex -- Hello America -- Fundamental
- (*) 18. Great Plains -- Sum Things Up -- Homestead
- (*) 19. Creepers -- Rock & Roll Liquorice Flavour -- Red Rhino/Fundamental
- (*) 20. 1/2 Japanese -- Songs To Strip By -- 50 Skidillion Watts
- (*) 21. Various -- Big Time Syndrome -- Big Time
- (*) 22. White Flag -- Wild Kingdom -- Positive Force
- (24) 23. Dustdevils -- Rhenyard's Grin -- Fundamental
- (6) 24. Meat Puppets -- Huevos -- SST
- (5) 25. Brian Ritchie -- The Blend -- SST
- (3) 26. Flaming Lips -- Oh My Gawd...!! -- Restless
- (10) 27. Balancing Act -- 3 Squares And A Roof -- Primitave Man
- (*) 28. Gravedigger Five -- The Mirror Cracked -- VOXX
- (*) 29. Chris & Cozey -- Exotica -- Nettwerk/Capitol
- (*) 30. Jandek -- Blue Corpse -- Corwood Industries
- (*) 31. Gun Club -- Mother Juno -- Fundamental
- (*) 32. Original Sins -- Big Soul -- Bar None
- (*) 33. Savage Republic -- Live Trek -- Fundamental
- (36) 34. Elvis Costello -- Out Of Our Idiot -- Demon
- (*) 35. Party Boys -- In Daddyland -- Fundamental
- (*) 36. Doug Orton -- Richard Bratigan's Body -- Gene Pool
- (*) 37. SPK -- Gold & Poison -- Nettwerk/Capitol
- (14) 38. Tim Gilbert -- Local
- (12) 39. Cindy Lee Berryhill -- Who's Gonna Save The World? -- Rhino
- (34) 40. Bedlam Hour -- Rock The Cradle -- Positive Force

AFTER MIDNIGHT PLAYLIST
FEBRUARY, 1988

- (38) 1. Negativland -- Escape From Noise -- SST
- (13) 2. Robyn Hitchcock -- Globe of Frogs -- A&M
- (*) 3. Pogues -- If I Should Fall From Grace With God -- Island
- (24) 4. Pixies -- Come On Pilgrim -- 4 AD
- (13) 5. Black Flag -- Waisted Agein -- SST
- (*) 6. Killdozer -- Little Baby Buntin' -- Touch & Go
- (36) 7. Breeking Circus -- Smoker's Paradise -- Homestead
- (*) 8. Fall -- "Victorie" -- RCA
- (*) 9. Big Dipper -- All Going Out Together -- Homestead
- (*) 10. Rhythm Rangers -- Local
- (*) 11. Freedy Jaunz Quartet -- Local
- (1) 12. Swans -- Children of God -- Caroline
- (5) 13. Greet Pleins -- Sum Things Up -- Homestead
- (6) 14. Firehose -- If'n -- SST
- (17) 15. Jandek -- Blue Corpse -- Corwood Industries
- (*) 16. 7 Seconds -- Live - 1 + 1 -- Positive Force
- (*) 17. Test Department -- A Good Night Out -- Some Bizarre
- (*) 18. Nikki Sudden -- Kiss, Kidnapped, Charebanc -- Relativity
- (4) 19. Creepers -- Rock & Roll Liquorice Flavour -- Fundamental
- (*) 20. Slamming Watusis -- Epic
- (*) 21. Sisters of Mercy -- Floodland -- Elektra
- (*) 22. Tragic Mulatto -- Locos For El Sexo -- Alternative Tentacles
- (34) 23. Mission of Burma -- Taang!
- (14) 24. Camper Van Beethoven & Eugene Chadbourne -- Camper Van Chadbourne -- Fundamental
- (20) 25. Original Sins -- Big Soul -- Bar None
- (29) 26. Live Skull -- Dusted -- Homestead
- (-) 27. Silos -- Tennessee Fire -- ILA
- (*) 28. Max Eider -- Best Kisser In The World -- Big Time
- (*) 29. Green -- Elaine McKenzie -- Pravda
- (33) 30. Various -- No Age -- SST
- (-) 31. Various -- Discpan Hands -- Rave
- (-) 32. Legs Akimbo -- Local
- (-) 33. Laughing Hyenas -- Come Down To The Merry-Go-Round -- Touch & Go
- (*) 34. Sonic Youth -- Master Disk -- SST
- (*) 35. Fall -- Palace of Swords Reversed -- Rough Trade
- (*) 36. Blue Hippo -- 40-40 -- Twin Tone
- (*) 37. Spiral Jetty -- Art's Sand Bar -- Incas
- (32) 38. SPK -- Gold & Poison -- Nettwerk/Capitol
- (*) 39. Jazz Dutcher -- Fishcoteque -- Relativity
- (*) 40. Pontiac Bros -- Johnson -- Frontier

- (16) 1. Swans -- Children of God -- Caroline
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- (*) 13. Black Flag -- Waisted -- SST
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- (*) 33. Various -- No Age -- SST
- (*) 34. Mission of Burma -- Taang!
- (-) 35. Volcano Suns -- Bumper Crop -- Homestead
- (*) 36. Breaking Circus -- Smoker's Paradise -- Homestead
- (25) 37. Brian Ritchie -- The Blend -- SST
- (*) 38. Negativland -- Escape From Noise -- SST
- (15) 39. Leather Nun -- Force of Habit -- IRS
- (36) 40. Doug Orton -- Richard Bratigan's Body -- Gene Pool Records

OH TOM, IT'S WONDERFUL
YOU'VE GONE AHEAD SO FAST
IN RADIO. WE NEVER
COULD HAVE GOTTEN
MARRIED ON WHAT YOU
WERE EARNING BEFORE

OUR WORRIES ARE OVER. I'M
A TRAINED RADIO TECHNICIAN
NOW. THERE'S A BRIGHT
FUTURE AHEAD FOR US IN
RADIO

COOL NEW AND UPCOMING RELEASES

Pontiac Brothers-Johnson-Frontier
 Fall-Palace of Swords Reversed-Rough Trade
 Drivin' and Cryin'-Whisper Tames the Lion-Island
 Jazz Butcher-Fishcoteque-Relativity
 Carnival Season-Waiting for No One-What Goes On
 Woodentops-Woodenfoot Cops on the Highway-Columbia
 Semantics-Bone of Contention-SST
 Swa-Arroyo-SST
 Slamming Watusis-CBS
 John Hartford-Me Oh My, How the Time Does Fly-Flying Fish
 White Glove Test-Look-Fundamental
 7Seconds-Live-One Plus One-Giant
 Caberet Voltaire-Eight Crepuscule Tracks-Giant
 E.I.E.I.O.-That Love Thang-Frontier
 Drowning Pool-Satori-Fundamental
 Arms Akimbo-This is not the Late Show-688
 Gary Clail's Tackhead Sound System-Tackhead Tape Time-Netzwerk
 Sonic Youth-Master Dik-SST
 Various-Salvation Soundtrack-Giant
 Screaming Broccoli-Positive Force
 Mahlathini-Lion of Soweto-Virgin
 Various-Make the City Grovel in It's Dust-Fundamental
 Various-Thunder before Dawn-Virgin
 Astor Piazzolla-Tango*Zero Hour-Pangaea/IRS
 Phantom Tollbooth-Power Toy-Homestead
 Nick Lowe-Pinker and Prouder Than Previous-Columbia
 Sandi Patti-Makes His Praise Glorious-Word
 Ras Micheal-SST
 Salem 66-Natural Disasters and National Treasures-Homestead
 Stranglers-Epic
 Various-Hairspray Soundtrack-MCA
 Chills-Brave Words-Homestead
 Saccharine Trust-Live-SST
 Smithereens-Green Thoughts-Enigma
 Happy Flowers-Wine Brush 7"-Homestead
 Tar Babies-No Contest-SST
 Various-Town South of Bakersfield v.II-Enigma
 Brian Ritchie-Nuclear War-SST
 Brian Ritchie-Atomkrieg-SST
 GG Allin-Freaks, Faggots and Junkies-Homestead
 GG Allin-Expose Yourself to Children 7"-Homestead
 Velvet Elvis-Enigma
 Ciccone Youth-The Whitey Album-SST
 Mofungo-Bugged-SST
 Happy Flowers-Never Put Your Mouth on a Bomb-Homestead
 Everette Shock-Ghost Boys-SST
 Alter Natives-Group Therapy-SST
 Nice Strong Arm-Secret Language 7"-Homestead
 Variuos-Blasting Concept III-SST
 Screaming Trees-Invisible Lantern-SST
 Verlaines-Bird Dog-Homestead
 Always August-SST
 Wire-A Bell is a Cup Until It's Struck-Enigma
 Das Damen-Triskaidekaphobe-SST

LOCAL AND SEMI-LOCAL BAND SCENE

Ma Hoots & Ricky Dean Sinatra-March 9-Bottleneck, Lawrence
 Jayhawks-March 10-Coyote
 Trip Shakespeare & the Blivets-March 11-Coyote
 Rhythm Rangers-March 11-B-1 Club
 MTA-March 12-Kirby's Beer Store
 Yardapes & Random Aztec-March 14-Grand Emporium, KC
 Homestead Grays-March 21-Lone Star, KC
 Buckwheat Zydeco-March 23-Bottleneck, Lawrence
 Buckwheat Zydeco-March 25-Coyote
 Blivets-AFTER MIDNIGHT FUNDRAISER-March 26-Kirby's
 Bazaar Crossing-March 26-Artichoke Sandwich Bar
 Trip Shakespeare-March 26-Bottleneck, Lawrence
 These Immortal Souls-March 28-Grand Emporium, KC
 Silos & Scruffy the Cat-March 28-Lone Star, KC
 Joe King Currasco-April 5-Grand Emporium, KC
 Graveltones & Paladins-April 7-Grand Emporium, KC
 Paladins-April 9-Coyote
 Neptunes-April 22-Coyote

Starting March 13, Kirby's Beer Store
 will feature Open Mike Night every Sunday night
 at 9:00pm, probably. Come to Kirby's and perform,
 observe or drink unaffected.

Stay tuned to 89.1fm for details concerning
 an After Midnight Bash.

FUN FOR YOU !

Play latest hits. Imitate radio,
 stage stars—even if you can't
 read a note! Lots of fun at
 parties, socials, dances. So easy, you play in a few
 minute's time. Not a toy.



In the file of History's Most Disturbing
 Headlines, "Robertson Takes Hawaii" and "Gun Wielding
 Girl Says Bye-Bye But Doesn't Pull Trigger" come in
 a weak second and third to:

Husker Du breaks up

Husker Du, a Minneapolis, Minn.
 based critically acclaimed under-
 ground band whose latest album,
 "Warehouse: Songs and Stories,"
 was released by Warner Bros. last
 year, has split up. Guitars-songwrit-
 er Bob Mould this week confirmed
 the breakup and called it "more ami-
 cable than acrimonious." Drummer
 Grant Hart said the split was "not
 amicable at all." No word from
 bassist Greg Norton.




Start of the finger roll,
 basic twirl of the drum
 major's art. As viewed by
 the performer, the baton
 revolves counterclockwise



PRIMITIVE MUSICIANS ABOUT TO TUNE A TUBA USING A SHARP STICK AND UNWARY MAMMOTH.

INTERVIEW

MIKE WATT



Bass player Mike Watt formed the Minutemen in 1980 with guitarist and singer D. Boon and drummer George Hurley. The trio from San Pedro, California blended rock, jazz and funk into an original and refreshing sound. They expressed their political and social concerns with short, intense blasts. Propelling their songs was one of the best rhythm sections in rock. The Minutemen were probably best known for the double album "Double Nickels on the Dime" which attracted a lot of national attention. They followed it up with the ep "Project Mersh" (San Pedro for commercial) which added horns (and choruses), expanding their sound further. Shortly before Christmas 1985, just after the release of "3-Way Tie for Last", D. Boon was killed in a highway accident. Mike Watt and George Hurley resurfaced last year with a new name, a new collaborator, and a new album. Firehose features the talents of Ed Crawford (aka Ed from Ohio) on guitar and vocals. "If'n", the bands second album, was recently released on SST. After Midnight's Charlie Maxton talked to Mike Watt over the phone on a cold day in January.

here and I just thought it was funny. But it gave me a reason to make a band again.

GP: What were you doing at the time. Were you playing?

MW: I wasn't playing. The only thing I had done was Ciccone Youth. In fact, I hadn't even done that, I was just about to. I had just gotten back from New York City and talked to the Sonics about it. And that was going to be my big re-entry into music. They let me play on their album--this one called Evol.

GP: Was Ed intimidated at all to playing with you and George?

MW: I didn't even show him to George for a couple of months 'cause I was scared. I didn't know if George would play with me after that. (laughs) So I had him live under my desk here and I showed him everything I know. I don't know if he was intimidated by us. He would say to me we're gonna take over the world with this real naive kind of a rock star, young kid idea. I was just laughing and said let's just see if we can make it through the first gig, y'know. He had a lot of that kind of audacity that I didn't have, no way. I wouldn't want to be in a band that took over the world. Jesus, what a horrible thought. (laughing) If I joined Loverboy that's what the captain there would probably tell me. But I kind of understand; he just has the fire. I can imagine a weird idea of rock 'n roll for Edward. But after seeing D. Boon and stuff I know he's open minded enough to accept anything I have to say. He told me he saw us in Columbus once.

GP: He was a Minutemen fan then?

MW: Well, when he came here he knew some of the songs on 3-Way Tie but he never heard any of the stuff older than that double album. Yeah, I've read things where people said he was a fanatic and stuff but he wasn't that fanatic. I think he just wanted a chance to play.

GP: Would you say the "If'n" record is similar to the first Firehose record?

MW: I don't think it's the same as the first record at all. Because of the position we were in when we had to write it and, uh, I mean it is that second time in the studio. Ed didn't play hardly any acoustic guitar. I think on only two songs. On the first album there's acoustic guitar on every song. So just in

GP: How's the weather in San Pedro?

MW: Believe it or not, it did rain once last week. Right now it's sunny. It's been in the fifties if you can believe that. That's real cold for us.

GP: Wichita is buried under about a foot of snow.

MW: Man, I heard there was a foot of snow in Raleigh, North Carolina. And, y'know, right before Christmas it did snow in Malibu.

GP: Is that right?

MW: Yeah, for two days. And that was intense, that's never happened. It's probably the Chernobyl thing. That's what everyone says around here. Ed's from eastern Ohio-- this town called Toronto. It's right next to a town called Stubbinville, and some company dumped a whole bunch of oil that polluted the Ohio River that they use. So beyond being freezing to death these guys have no water. This Toronto, the town he's from has got two thousand people. And Pedro is like a small town in California. We're like 65,000. We've got thirty Torontos and we're considered small. Where he grew up there were no clubs, no gigs, nothing.

GP: How did he come to be playing with you and George?

MW: Well, he plays trumpet. He went to Ohio State for a scholarship with the horn. I think guitar was just laying around the apartment for fun; he never played that really--never electric. I don't know what gave him the nerve to get up and come over here; except maybe the weather. He showed up



Mike Watt

those terms it's was different. When you come out of left field with a debut album in a lot of ways it's easier. I mean, I've only done it twice now but I kinda think it's easier. Once you've made a record people are expecting certain things. You have to write for 'em and it's hard, in a way.

GP: Do you think your records with firehose are as political as the records you made with the Minutemen?

MW: Well, y'know, the biggest difference is D. Boon being killed, I mean, he ain't there and that's what we're missin'. But, yeah my politics are still as fierce as ever. It's funny 'cause other people don't see that much but if they sat down with me I'd explain it to them. Now Edward, I don't think he's ever even voted yet. You can't expect him to be that aware of it. The big difference is D. Boon being gone. And I miss him, his words, his ideas.

GP: In your liner notes on the Ballot Result album you call Joe McCarthy's Ghost your "exorcism for these 'Top Gun' times".

MW: In a way, Ed's part of my way of relating to these eighties, man. It's strange for me, I don't come out of the eighties. I mean, their almost over but I don't relate to them hardly at all. And these are Top Gun times. I play a lot of colleges, a lot of our audience are college students. I went to college; I have a degree. They are my peers in a way and I do try to relate to 'em, y'know, but Jesus Christ. I remember we played in Tulane right after the basketball scandal. These fucking jocks almost fought with us 'cause D. Boon was giving out stickers about Central American aid.

GP: The Minutemen made a great video for "This Ain't No Picnic" with Ronald Reagan as your guest star.

MW: Yeah, we were the first SST band to use videos. We thought it was way cheaper than ads and more powerful. We made that for four hundred dollars which is less than an eighth of a page in Spin magazine. We're gonna make a firehose video, the first firehose one. Well, there's been one that the French tv people made. They just filmed us at our practice place. They said France needed to see us. I saw it on MTV and that cost us zero to make.

GP: SST has really grown the last few years.

MW: Greg Ginn (Black Flag guitarist and owner of SST) still picks the bands the same way. We were the second SST band after Black Flag. Greg came to our first gig and saw us play. And that's still how he picks bands; he just likes 'em. Sometimes people will buy 'em, sometimes people won't. He doesn't really pick 'em on a merch scale.

GP: What are some of your favorite bands?

MW: Uh, well I like Husker Du and the Meat Puppets and Sonic Youth as peers of mine. And then other people like Captain Beefheart who don't even play music anymore. Uh, let's see, other musicians.... Ornette Coleman, I liked him. Him and his boy, he had his boy in his band.

GP: Any idea what Richard Hell is up to?

MW: He's in another movie, I heard. And he writes poetry. Yeah, he's a great guy. We played with him in Europe about five years ago. That's where I got to shake his hand. It had a big impact on me. D. Boon liked him too.

GP: How did you meet John Fogerty?

MW: Well, he was making a video here in town. I've never met him personally. He gave this note to a kid who was a grip on the set to give to me.

GP: Had he heard any of the Minutemen's covers of his songs?

MW: Yeah, he told the kid he'd heard "Don't Look Now" on Double Nickels. There's a club here called "The Lingerie" which is a real Hollywood, swanky thing. On the double album we recorded that song a little cassette recorder. We did that on purpose because you can hear people talkin' and glasses clinking and stuff. I guess he appreciates that too.

GP: The double album is a pretty diverse collection of songs.

MW: It's my favorite. I still like that one the best. That and the firehose records. It's hard for me to listen to my own records but if I had to I'd listen to Double Nickels on the Dime.

GP: Well, if you're not going to take over the world right away what do you have planned for firehose?

MW: Well, we'll write new songs. I have a lot of songs that weren't used on the If'n record. So we're gonna get these all down and probably record in June and try to get a record out in October.



baby sue comix

Let's take her temperature. Hmmm...it seems mighty high!

Gosh! Baby Sue is SICK today!

I WANT TO BE DEAD.

Why don't you just GO TO HELL???

I guess we'll have to take her to the veterinarian.

Awww...isn't that CUTE? She lost her temper for us!

You're not taking me ANYWHERE. Bug off!

You know what?? I think you are really SEXY!

ME??? Sexy? You've got to be KIDDING!

BABY SUE! How DARE you say such cruel things to me!

I WAS kidding! You are a retarded and repulsive JERK!

Open up your veins, baby. Mommy's got a nice PRESENT for you!

REVIEWS

THE FALL IN: PALACE OF SWORDS REVERSED ROUGH TRADE

It's extremely difficult to pinpoint exactly what Mark E. Smith, vocalist and leader of the Fall, is talking about. His enunciation is fine, but the regionally esoteric subject matter and his lyrical style make complete (insert a 3 or 4 syllable word that means understand which Kevin's vocabulary brain bank is unable to locate at the moment) an impossibility for anyone who doesn't wear Mark's clothing and look just like the picture on his drivers license. Smith is an adherent to the Humpty Dumpty belief that man should be the master of the meaning and usage of his language. His writing style is similar to William S. Burroughs's cut up style with a beatish rhythm. Had Alice come upon Smith sitting atop a wall he probably would have greeted her with something like "Hexen! Hexen! Two steps back!" and then thrown a rotten egg at her. Listening to Fall records is sort of like having someone slyly winking at you when your vision is blurred and then scratching an unreachable itch in one of your body crevices. The reasoning behind the action may not be evident, but you're satisfied in the end. (Insertion answer for paragraph #1 worth 5 pt.s is Comprehension)

The album at hand is a follow up to their earlier compile Early Years '77-'79. Like that album the tracks are mainly non LP cuts with a few exceptions. ("Pay Your Rates" from Grotesque, "Marquis Cha-Cha" off of Room to Live, and a live version of "(insert unknown quantity syllabled word with unknown definition as part of a song title Kevin can't remember at the moment) of Infinity" which appeared in studio form on Perverted By Language. Because the album is primarily a singles collection, the songs are about as "catchy" as the Fall got this period before Brix Smith joined and things got relatively slicker. An overly simplistic and somewhat inaccurate generalization of Fall songs would (and I will) say take one part prominent bass line, two parts repetitive guitar riffs, and one part repetitive and obtuse sing/speak from an angry/annoyed individual. Side 1's band still contained Marc Riley, so add occasional cheesy organ and side 2 adds another drummer, so

the percussion becomes more intricate. The tempo is likely to change during the course of the song and dancing is not recommended. (Insertion answer for paragraph #2 worth 5 points if you're familiar with the song in question, 53 pt.s if you've ever crapped on a napkin-Neighborhood)

Fans of the Fall will be relieved to be able to hear these songs without having to shell out the excessive singles prices they would otherwise cost. Anyone unfamiliar with the band who enjoys a musical challenge is encouraged to introduce your mind to this or any Fall album. (Insert some sort of summarization that praises the band and has a unifying effect on the ointment.) (Insertion answer for paragraph #3 worth one self inflicted groinal strike if you're still reading this, two of them if you stopped 2½ paragraphs back-I just don't care anymore)

Kevin Mead

WEIRD VS. WHATEVER THE OPPOSITE OF WEIRD IS

There is no doubt about it. Weirdness is a virtue unto itself. And when it's wielded creatively, weirdness will be remembered long after normalcy disappears. In one hundred years when the name Mike Hayder brings to mind a contestant in the Jed Clampett soundalike contest, Porky Pig's face will be forever replaced by that of Evan Meecham's at the end of every Looney Tunes cartoon. Even in the field of mass murder, where weirdness is a prerequisite, it is creativity that puts one head and shoulders above every other Tom, Dick and Charlie. Take Ed Gein, one of the more infamous in his field in this or any other century. He utilized his forty-odd victims' skins as a fashion statement, creating nifty belts and vests and their peeled-off faces as an inexpensive alternative to dime store Hallowe'en masks.

But enough of this sentimental stroll down Mass Murder Lane (a lane I'd think twice about buying a condo on.) College Radio is a haven for weirdness in music. And where plain weird can get you appreciated, creative weirdness can get you respected. As far as unpredictable weirdness goes, Eugene Chadbourne can give Big Black or the Butthole Surfers a run for their money any day. Chadbourne came into his own with the group Shochabilly. Their "Viet Nam" album blended alot of traditional forms of music with some forms they made up on their own. Chadbourne has since teamed up with various musicians on independantly-produced cassettes and has a fairly new solo lp backed by Evan Johns and the H-Bombs, "Vermin of the Blues."

He has also teamed up with Camper Van Beethoven (whose previous lps have proven them to be much more than white-bread normal) for an effort which is surprisingly titled "Camper Van Chadbourne." Listening to this album was like swilling a six-pack of light alcohol beer. It just seemed like something was missing. It certainly wasn't musical instruments. There are more of those on this album than you can shake a flea market at. But on some cuts such as "Ba-lue Bolivar Ba-lues" they layer so

many of them in such a hodge-podge, it's like throwing a whole symphony orchestra into a 300 foot blender. It's not missing sharp lyrical writing either, such as in "Feyettenam" a tale of redneck Fayetteville, Arkansas meeting a nuclear holocaust to the tune of a country ballad. There are painfully few original songs here, but you can't fault the covers for lack of originality. They do a Zappa medley that begins as a hoe-down of sorts and ends as a psychedelic monster jam from hell. Not even the Frankmeister himself could have pulled it off so well.

Maybe this album isn't missing that much at all. But if this is light alcohol, then Chadbourne's "Vermin of the Blues" is Anchor Steam ale. It's not relegated to the country rut that so much of "Camper Van" seems stuck in. It's also hard to go wrong with Evan Johns and the H-Bombs backing it up. They can easily metamorphose from a Sonic Youth head-full-of-fuzzy sound to the Stray Cats popped out of their brains on L.S.D. and amphetamines. It just seems that the creative madness of "Vermin" is utilized in a more original fashion than on "Camper Van Chadbourne."

If this album were done by any number of much more pretentious bands, it would be a milestone. Take R.E.M., who delight in putting on the "If this is Athens, we must be artists" pose with so many interviewers these days. If they had the guts to put out an album half this diverse and (let us not forget) weird, I would carry Michael Stipes' child to full term. Hearing Eugene Chadbourne's and Camper Van Beethoven's solo work makes this effort pale in comparison. But creative weirdness in music allows for some lapses from time to time. If only Ed Gein hadn't withered away in a mental hospital. Just think what he could have done with a large intestine.

---Bill Covington

INDUSTRIAL UPDATE

Repetition. That is what drove me away from alot of today's music. Full of strings and choruses of horns and imbellishments I can't possibly begin to name in the space allowed me. Rock has ceased to be rock. Our radios have been sanitized and commercialized. Also, a lot of the feeling and soul is missing from rock. That urge, that hormonal spur that kicks a gleam in you and your friend's eyes and makes you both exclaim, "I want to kill somebody, or if I can't kill 'em, I wanna fuck 'em." (The thoughts of Mr. Greig are not necessarily those of the management.-ed.) That is what rock and roll is all about, emotion sex and violence and not necessarily in that order. Good hardcore will still give me that feeling, but even that is starting to blend together in a soup without meat of any kind.

Raw noise, uncompromising and unrelenting, is the only cure palatable. The sounds of Boy Dirt Car, or the Japanese master of collage, Merzbow, or early Controlled Bleeding cut the proverbial mustard. HNAs, Gerechtigkeits Liga or recent lps by SPK act as a balm to sooth throbbing nerves. A more rhythmic mood? Try some Amor Fati, Skinny Puppy, or Severed Heads. For ambient sounds check out Randy Greif, John Hudak or the Croiners, from a gentleman who uses tape loops almost exclusively.

I'll give examples of these and other artists on the Midnight Hour, March 27, from midnight to 1:00am. Hats off to KMWU, 89.1 fm for being the only station in Wichita that has the testicles to play this kind of music on the air.

---Art Greig



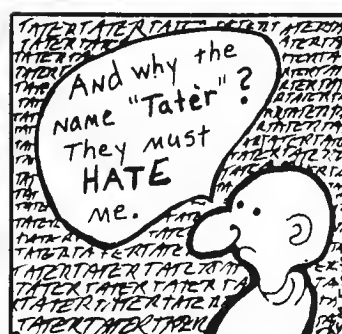
INDEPENDENT THINKING with Timothy Gilbert

This time Gilbert fills in for the vacationing Ed Anger.

I'm pissed. I'm mad as hell at a certain minority faction of our all too thinly sliced society. This minority group is sub-divided into endless little clans of individuals who fight among one another. There is no other minority that exists that is so destructive of it's own social environment. This minority is the musicians.

Think about it. In our evolving society we have seen the urgency and the intelligence of working together as one world, one people to confront issues of global importance like starvation, disease, or the policing of our national interests. We are no longer a world made up of little tribes who know little of the folks in the next valley or on the other island. We have become a world of interacting cultures and can no longer afford to "look the other way" on any issues. Our social standards are ever increasingly being set to more international scales. This is a must if we all are to continue living on this one planet. In this age of global and social interaction why can't two musical tastes exist in the same room without one trying to force the other to feel inferior?

Just look around. Followers of a certain type of music are notorious for the bigoted attitude that theirs is the only "true" music and anyone who deviates from their norm falls outside the desired social circle into the realm of THEM. It really doesn't matter which music I'm talking about. All of them have these prevailing prejudices. I've never seen such a wimpy, narrow-minded group of immature brats in all my life as most of the musicians I've met. I listen to all music available to me, so I occasionally find myself in "musically ethnic" situations where some connoisseur of some music is trying to browbeat me into submission with saintless steel reasons why THEIR music is the only true music. And damn my soul if I should differ. Well it seems to me that with all the different kinds of music available to us it's a little too much to ask that we find just that certain one kind and religiously adhere to it →



In a quarter revaluation, the wand rolls over the two center fingers and is entering the space between third and little fingers

only. In this highly integrated world of ours, we are now, more than any other time in the history of our planet, free to explore the musics, past and present, of the various cultures of our world.

So why all the bigotry and tribal warring among musicians? Can't they realize that music-ANY AND ALL MUSIC-is a singular thing, a manifestation of being alive? Music, regardless of it's origin, is often the best and in some cases the only record of a culture. Music is the best record of historical events from a social level. But why do musicians have to whisper rudely behind each others' backs? Where did this attitude come from? Obviously from each other. I've heard members of infinitely different musical persuasions, all, at some time, make derogatory remarks about each other. I can't stand it.

The plight of the amateur musician is a self-inflicted wound. If musicians won't recognize the fact that all music is a beautiful thing, then I feel no pity for them when they can't achieve a decent audience. I think we should all boycott any contact with music and musicians that carry the elitist attitude. All my life I've been raised not to be prejudiced towards anybody because of color, religion, or whatever. Then I became a musician and saw total prejudice everywhere I turned. Well I'm just about sick of it. All music is really just one big thing, and until musicians and their followers accept it and become unified, music will continue to be the biggest area of heathen human misuse since religious persecution. I could say a lot more but I think I've said enough to make my point and, I hope, raise a little consciousness about this most distasteful situation.

TEETH
LOWEST PRICES
SEND NO
MONEY



As the pressures of his job and failed marriage grew more and more unbearable, it was inevitable that one day George would reach out and touch "Puree"...



THE BEST LPS OF 1987

(IN OUR HUMBLE OPINIONS)

I know, March of '88, and here we are just now releasing our favorite albums of last year. Maybe it is too late for this foolishness. Maybe you couldn't care less what our favorite lps of '87 are. That sort of thing has never stopped us before. Why should it stop us now?

SABINA- Front 242 or Caterwaul? Teri really has this knack for screwing up a perfectly happy year. There is no way I can choose one lp as my favorite for an entire year. So I chose two of my many favorites.

Front 242 is, of course, the wonderful industrial dance band that put out a very mean (but quite happy) full length lp this year. Quite excellent, as I love good dance music. Their lp is entitled Official Version.

Caterwaul is a not-so-popular band from Phoenix, Arizona. They put out an absolutely beautiful (I had to say that, they sent me a Christmas card last year) record that is reminiscent of Siouxsie and Cocteau Twins. But then again I don't like to rely on comparisons that much. Their lp is entitled The Nature of Things.

By the way, neither one of these are POP music!

JAKE- Big Black "Songs About Fucking"- On a bad day, you can have fun just by asking for this record in stores. (Leaving Trains put out an lp called "Fuck" last year, but "Songs About Fucking" sounds dirtier somehow.) It's my favorite album of the year because every cut was so edgy that you just about died of suspense, and because of the line in "Bad Penny" (which sadly, you didn't hear on the radio) that goes, "I think I fucked your girlfriend once, maybe twice, I don't remember. Then I fucked all your friends' girlfriends and now they all hate you." That sounds like something that could really happen. Runner-Up: Mekons "Honky Tonkin"



While the boton is rolling around the little finger, the hand is turned over to give the stick a twist and keep it spinning smoothly

PETE- "Oh My Gawd... the Flaming Lips"- What this album does for me is beyond explanation (but I'm gonna try.) It calms me when I am wound up. It winds me up when I am calm. It tweeks my eardrums when it should stroke and strokes when it should tweek. It allows me a way to see without using my obvious sight. It provides for me a mapped out journey of madcap weirdness spanning an ever-too-short twelve inches of manmade vinyl.

Thank "Gawd" for this album, for it has rescued me from musical oblivion with a good dose of the very same. Happiness lies in insanity. Or is it the other way around? Who knows? Best lp of '87, most assuredly, "Oh my Gawd...the Flaming Lips."

GOOD ROCKIN' CHARLES- Barrance Whitfield and the Savages
"Call of the Wild"

In the big-city tradition of Chicago and Detroit style rockin' soul music, Barrance and the Savages break east-coast ground in the Boston area. Vocals reminiscent of Otis Redding and Screaming Jay Hawkins and solid, modern arrangements played by a traditional back-up band. He moans, raves, preaches, gets up and puts it back down with a fervor that sent shivers up and down my speakers, not to mention set my feet and mind in motion. Every cut a solid piece worthy of top 40 play, but they probably won't get it. Fuck 'em anyway, the top 40 crowd doesn't deserve this rare treat.

KEVIN S.- Coil "Horse Rotorvator"- What can I say about this? The Modern Lovers are playing in the background and I'm trying to think intelligently.

Coil brought joy to my ears with this excursion into the brighter side of life. It was encouraging to hear them reach beyond and expand their industrial/electrical universe. My favorite cut is "Ostia." The strings and images of dripping honey mixed with the intrigue of murder thrilled my cochlea. The skipping effects used in "Penetralia" always catch me off guard. The beautiful dark moods of "The Golden Section" and "The First Five Minutes After Death" are works recalling a Victorian fascination with transcendence. Of course I can not forget the guest brass "derangements" on "Circles of Mania" by none other than Clint Ruin a.k.a. Foetus. Overall I didn't find a more complete album that sounded fresh every time I put it on for a spin.

TERI- My '87 lp of preference changes daily, influenced by the number of cocktails consumed and whether I'm feeling friendly or seething with hatred for the sick joke that masquerades as mankind.

Today I'm feeling friendly. And Big Dipper's "Heavens" lp is the vinyl masterpiece of last year. Why "She's Fetching" isn't on some kind of top 40 singles show is beyond me. It's catchy, good hook, young love and all that, plus you can dance to it. Maybe it's just a bit too intelligent. The Dipper guys should be allowed to roam unabated through the halls of Michael Jackson's psycho-mansion while Mikey scrapes for rent in a modest Boston apartment. And Cat Stevens owes them a pizza for "Younger Bums." Every song on this album deserves attention from anyone with a morsel of sense. My favorite is "Mr. Woods." Nobody can mangle a cliché like this. Gary Waleik is a guitarist deluxe and any guitar-hero fanatic/dork can fight me to the death over that. Or not. Whatever.

In spurts of ugliness I vote for Killdozers' "Burl." As far as I'm concerned, "the Pope" can "fondle Ann-Margret's breasts" anytime.

TOM- I don't have any favorites, or rather, I can't really think of any. Well damn, I just don't pick favorites at all, so this is just something off the top of my head. Wendy O. Williams and the Plasmatics' "Maggots the Record." Somehow the idea of maggots consuming the world seems quite appealing. Now I'm not much of a metal fan, but I don't really consider this to be metal. I think I just like the little narrations in between songs. I'm sure this demonstrates an utter lack of taste, intelligence, wit, ect., ect. to those of more refined tastes, but really now, who cares?

RACINE- There's always an album that reminds me of a particular year. 1977 was "Saturday Night Fever (Thank God we're only ten once.)" Last year, a decade later, the album I heard the most was "Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me" by the Cure. Kicking, screaming, fevered, it was fun but not mindless, intense but accessible, hot and cold. Right now I'm sick of the album. Last summer I listened to it alot. But, in a year or so, I'll blow the dust off of it and enjoy a couple of listens.

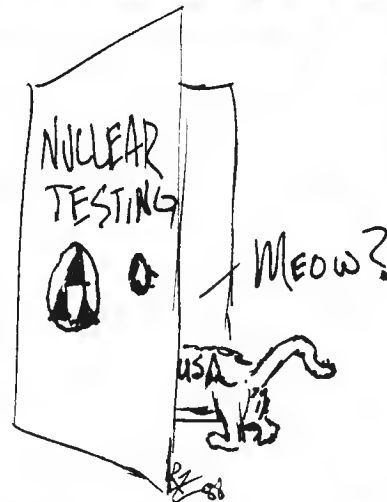
JOEL-Snakefinger "Night of Desirable Objects"- When I arrived at Club DVS in San Francisco where Snakefinger and his Vestal Virgins were going to play, I really wasn't sure what to expect. I'd seen Snakefinger once before in Lawrence (KS) on tour with the Residents' 13th Anniversary Show but he was just a back-up performer. At that point all I'd seen him do solo was play pinball in Cogburn's.

When the band took the stage I was really surprised. They were a tight, well-rehearsed, demented pop band. I was taken back by how ordinary they all looked, dressed in out-of-date 70's style clothes, which was a nice contrast to the "Dress in Black" set posed around me. Snakefinger's equipment looked like he'd owned it all his life, beat up and worn with an old guitar placed on a tattered suitcase for slide effects. He was great, covering a whiplash variety of styles, contrasting almost everything you think of in a band or performer.



Pure air is bad to this infants' gas mask by operating the bellows with the hands

And now to the point. One of the things that usually add special meaning to music is the accompaniment of a visual memory. Snakefinger's last album, "Night of Desirable Objects," arrived at the station just before I left for San Francisco. I really didn't have time to listen to it. Now it's become my personal "most played" album of 1987. Each cut is different (like the concert.) It dips into a kind of favorite style catalog of Snakefinger's mind. Blues, weird pop, funk and folk are all covered with equal skill. It's probably Snakefinger's best produced album. Like anything that you enjoy, it leaves you wanting more. The catch is, there won't be more.



CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

REM?

AN IMAGINARY INTERVIEW WITH R.E.M.

Since their inception in 1980, or whatever, R.E.M. has proven itself to be one of the most visionary, innovative, and influential bands in the annals of rock and roll. Their finely-crafted folk rock sound has influenced such chart-topping, powerhouse bands as Waxing Poetics, The American Music Club, No Range, Boys With Guns, Saqqara Dogs, Deeper And Happier, Slender Thread, The Audabon Relief, Skill-In-Trade, From The Window, O Positive, Summation, and The Byrds. With five staggering L.P.s to their credit-not to mention an E.P. and album-length B-side compilation-the band has displayed a rich diversity rare in contemporary pop, ranging from the brooding, folk influenced drone of "Chronic Town" to the dark, almost folk-like introspection of "Document ." Having just been proclaimed by Rolling Stone magazine The Most Important Rock Band In The World, it would be easy to write off R.E.M. as just more fodder for the star-making machine; but this is a band with a soul and it was this soul that I set out to capture in words.

I met up with R.E.M. in an autumn field sixteen miles from the nearest telephone. The band, which consists of lead singer Michael Stipe and three other people, had already arrived, and were exchanging Jim Croce albums, which they subsequently hid. Stipe, who is sometimes photographed shirtless, was wearing cool, yet understated clothes of the type popular in 1972, as were the others.

JE: I guess one thing I've always wondered about is the lyrics to your songs. What are they?

MICHAEL STIPE: Yeah, we get asked that alot, and I'll tell you what I tell the others...just that, I wish I could answer that question. I've found that if I try to explain them they don't work anymore, like a great poem or something. It's just that they're very personal and if you try to dissect them, then that's like vandalizing a great work of art.

JE: What would be an example?

MS: Well, "Cuyahoga," for instance. What happened with "Cuyahoga" was that I had this idea for a line, "Let's put our hands together/Start a new world," and then I remembered about this river catching fire somewhere because it was so polluted. And so I sort of put the two ideas together and that's how we ended up with that song.

ONE OF THE OTHERS: Which song was that?

MS: "Cuyahoga."

JE: But you feel that if you tried to explain...

MS: Exactly. If I tried to explain those two influences or ideas-the start a new world idea and the polluted river idea-then...well it's just too intensely personal. It's not...it would be like vandalizing a great work of art.

JE: How about "Exhuming McCarthy"?

MS: "Exhuming McCarthy" is another example of a song with a lot of personal meaning for me.

JE: How so?

MS: Well, McCarthy was this U.S. Senator from...you know, one of the states.

JE: Yeah.

MS: And so a lot of the things he did I really disagree with.

JE: Yeah.

MS: And so I started wondering what it would be like to exhume him.

OOTO(a little frightened): But not really.
MS: No, not really. I just mean, like, in spirit.
OOTO: Oh.

JE: And so what does...how...

MS: That's just a very personal thing for me, exhuming McCarthy. I can't explain it. It just is.
OOTO: Which song is this now?

MS: "Exhuming McCarthy." It's one of the new ones. Never mind.

JE: And so you...

MS: I can't...

(A short pause ensues.)

JE: In "Radio Free Europe" you sing... What do you sing in "Radio Free Europe"?

MS: Well "Radio Free Europe" is a song that's very interior with me. It has a lot of meaning for me, but it's not something you can get at in words. It would be like...trying to explain a great poem or something, like a work of art.

JE: Almost like vandalizing a great work of art?

MS: Exactly.

OOTO: Michael, I'm hungry.

(Another pause ensues.)

JE: Rolling Stone magazine in a recent cover story called R.E.M. the most important rock band in the world. How...

OOTO: Who did this?

JE: Rolling Stone magazine.

OOTO: I'm sorry. Go ahead.

JE: I was just going to ask what effect something like that would have on the band. Do you feel like you've sold out somehow, or do you feel like the band has retained it's integrity?

MS: No I don't think we've sold out at all. If you listen to, say, "1,00,000" off our first E.P. and then a track off the new one back to back I think you'd see what I mean. I mean, we've always been

very popular with the critics.

OOTO: Which song from the first E.P., Michael?

MS: "1,00,000"

OOTO: Which... I can't remember which one that is.

ANOTHER ONE OF THE OTHERS: Was the first E.P. the one with the pretty cover or the one with the monster cover?

OOTO: I think the first E.P. was the one with the monster cover.

AOOTO: Oh, I don't like that one. I like the one with the pretty cover.

OOTO: Michael, which one was the one with the pretty cover?

MS(Ignoring OOTO): Any way, my point is that it should be no surprise to anyone who has read Rolling Stone that they would want to honor us in that way. It doesn't mean that we're selling out and it doesn't mean that we're not selling out. It doesn't mean... anything. You know? Why should it?

AOOTO: What does E.P. mean anyway?

OOTO: I know what L.P. means. I'm still hungry. I like "Time In A Bottle."

(Long pause.)

JE: Who are some of your musical influences?

MS: We're completely original.

(Long pause.)

JE: A hostile critic once called your music "murky, self-important, pop manure dressed up as art." How do you answer attacks like those?

MS: Just...you know, what do the critics know? If people... Do you mind if I take off my shirt?

JE: Go ahead.

MS(Removing shirt): I'm just saying that if people had listened to the critics we might never have had the Beatles.

JE: How do you figure?

MS: Well, I mean, what do the critics know anyway? Who cares? Music is a personal thing.

JE: How would you compare your band with the Beatles?

MS: We're in the top 40 now.

OOTO: Michael, I'm starving.

MS: We're getting there.

--Jake Euker

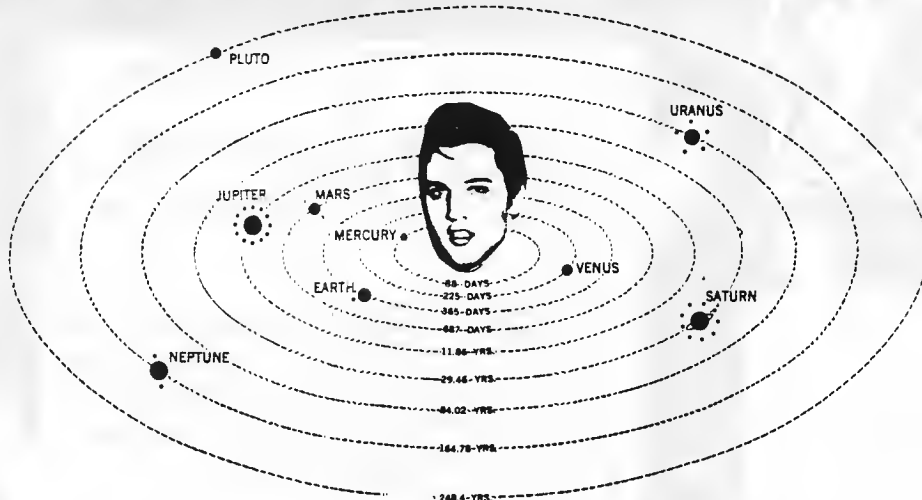


Fig. 15.

Solar System showing planets and their satellites, with the orbit of each, and time required by each planet to revolve completely around the Sun.



Here the baton has slipped free from the little finger and is turning unheld in the air. The hand turns over quickly for the catch

WICHITA ART ASSOCIATION FILMS SAYS HELLO

Why? Because despite being located in one of Wichita's bastions of high culture (9112 E. Central), and being pretty good at dragging out the highbrow classics of film history from time to time ourselves, we're also dedicated to the kind of alternative popular culture that AFTER MIDNIGHT represents. Like AFTER MIDNIGHT, we provide a more discerning, radical and experimental alternative to the commercial offerings-- in your case, Top 40 and AOR, in ours, the local theaters and TV. And we'd like to introduce ourselves.

Purely on a musical basis, we've done programs that would appeal to AFTER MIDNIGHT listeners-- as you may have heard on AFTER MIDNIGHT. We brought David Byrne's film TRUE STORIES and Laurie Anderson's concert film HOME OF THE BRAVE. We're also the ones who brought William S. Burroughs to Wichita for the first time in history (and a memorable night it was, as the great writer sat on the stage usually inhabited by 8-year-olds playing shepherds and wise men and told people in the most colorful of terms not to pee in a jar for anybody).

And moving a little further afield, we've had programs devoted to jazz, when film preservationist Bob DeFlores came to town with his jazz clips. And to blues and zydeco: there's one coming up, in fact, on January 8th, when we show two documentaries by Les Blank, one on Cajun culture and one on polka music, in the wonders of Smellaround-- which means that we'll cook up a mess of Cajun food in the theater during the film, and afterwards have a food tasting.

Leaving the realm of music, we think a lot of you might be interested in the other kinds of films we've presented. New independent American films like Jim Jarmusch's new wave comedy DOWN BY LAW, with Tom Waits and John Lurie of the Lounge Lizards, or Robert Altman's film about Nixon, SECRET HONOR. Top new foreign films like the sexy thriller THE 4TH MAN, from Paul Verhoeven (ROBOCOP), or MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE. Older films from Truffaut to Buster Keaton to Kubrick. Collections of animation and experimental films. And so on.

Anyway, in a town known as a black hole for film appreciation, we think we've made a pretty decent stab at providing a wide range of unusual and otherwise unseen films, presented under technical conditions markedly better to most previous non-commercial venues in town (not to name any names). Next time you want to see a movie and everything in town stars Glenn Close, think about trying our alternative instead. To get our current and future schedules, call 686-6687 or stop by the Art Association, Watermark Books, or many other local culture hangouts. Thanks to AFTER MIDNIGHT and GOPHER PURGE PRESS for allowing us this space to blow our own horn; solidarity for alternative culture!

--Michael Gebert

HOW COULD THESE BOYS BE ALLIES WITH THE RUSSIANS ???



We are humbly grateful to, and wish to acknowledge Mrs. Nesmith. Not only did she give birth to Mike Nesmith, legendary ex-Monkey, she also invented Liquid Paper, without which Gopher Purge Press would not be possible. Thank you Mrs. Nesmith.



THE COLOR ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY'S FACE CONTEST

Simply apply color of any medium to the radiant likeness of Elizabeth Montgomery's Face, send your masterpiece to us and maybe win one of three coveted copies of the Embarrassment's latest lp. The long-awaited record contains the Embarrassment ep in it's entirety, plus two previously unreleased tracks, three cuts from the Retrospective cassette, one from the Fresh Sounds compile cassette, and something else that falls apart at the end. It's got a cool cover done by Bill Goffrier.

Send your entry to Gopher Purge Press by April 30. The three we like best will win "The Embarrassment LP" and something else if we can think of it. Our address is:

GPP

c/o KMW

3317 E. 17th Street

Wichita KS 67208

If you can't wait, pick a copy up at Second Time Around or write Time To Develop Records at PO Box 1722, Lawrence, KS 66044.



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---said Nietzsche, Philosopher



Caught between the first and second fingers, the baton is now back in the original position after nearly two revolutions.



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SEPT-17

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DOOR**

**7:00
P.M.**

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OWN**

LEGS 'A KIMBO



ADAM WEST



IT'S **ELVIS!**

BELTING OUT THAT
WILD PRESLEY
BEAT.



ALAN HALE



**the
MUMBLES**



**JOE'S
NOSE**

PLAYLIST INSIDE

SEE!

King Kong's Capture—
and Escape!

Godzilla's Attack on
Tokyo—with His Atomic
Power!

King Kong's Ferocious
Strength Levels Every-
thing Before Him!

Godzilla Knocks Jet
Bombers from the Sky!

Ocean Liners Capsized
... Tidal Waves Flood
the Earth... the World's
People in Panic!

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

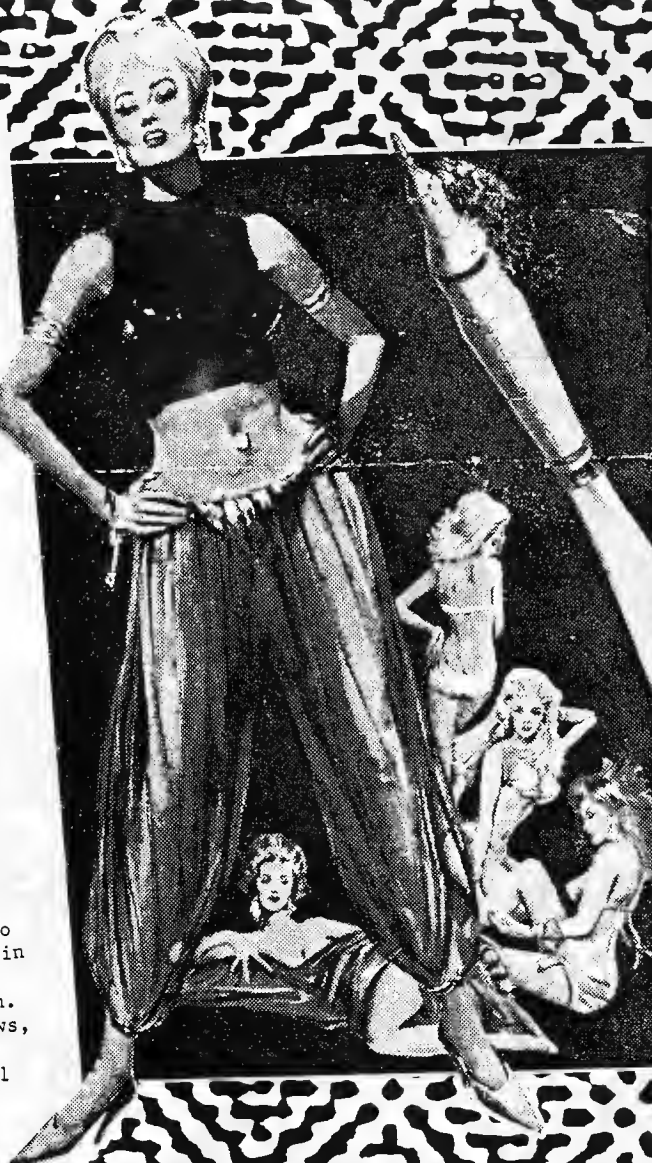
Hi.
Well, we're back. Summer was lousy out now it's Fall. Nights are nippy and we at KNUW are back to a full 100,000 watts of awe-inspiring power. If you live in the outer limits of Kansas, and you lost us a couple of months ago, tune back to 89.1 fm. Chances are we'll be there. We intend to stay there too, trudging into the night, hand in hand with the likes of Happy Flowers, the Fall and Bad Mutha Goose to your unprotected radio. Don't sleep naked.

This summer we sadly nuzzled goodbye three of our finest on-air staff. Thanks and so long to Kevin Smith, Kevin Mead and Micheal White. And a big toothless grin and welcome to new ingrates Steve Bell, Sandra Moore, Joe Gomez and Eric Cale. You'll never regret this.

As a public-supported NPR station, we have less than millions to work with. This especially applies to the After Midnight show. To help balance our tilting financial scales, every now and then we band together with the Nepenthe Mundi Society and the WSU SAC concert committee and throw a massive party. We get five(5) of your hard earned dollars and you get five(5) hours of entertainment so exhilarating that I suggest you bring along a few damp towels and additional oxygen. The point here, of course, is to support Kansas' finest alternative radio (namely us,) and the alternative music scene in general. More info on the show later in this issue. Attend or suffer, You know what I mean.

Never hesitate to drop us a line. Reviews, stories and other literary gore is welcome. Once again, please don't send items that will rot in route.

See you sept. 17th,
TERI MOTT
MUSIC DIRECTOR
AFTER MIDNIGHT
KNUW, 89.1FM



\$18

Civilization Up In Arms!

AFTER MIDNIGHT BASH IV: THE REVENGE

Feeling bored and somehow philanthropic? Have I got a public service announcement for you. September 17th marks the return of the AFTER MIDNIGHT BASH. The fourth semi-annual concert is sponsored by the Nepenthe Mundi Society and WSU's SAC Concert Committee. And check out this line-up: Legs Akimbo, the Blivets, the Mumbles, Klyde Konnor, Joe's Nose and special mystery guests the Grave-diggers. The doors open at 6:00pm, show starts at 7:00pm at the WSU/CAC Ballroom. This is the best part: IT'S ONLY FIVE DOLLARS! \$5.00!! You'd be an idiot not to attend. The cash goes to After Midnight so that we can continue our mission. Love us. Please.

OK, well, meet the bands:

LEGS AKIMBO, like pop-rocks in a cow pasture, will kick first class tunes all over the dance floor. The lovable Mark Wharton, Steve Cox, Ron Land & Steve Bell promise not to play as loudly as they would in a shopping mall.

BLIVETS, back from a refreshing trip to Lawrence, will delight you with new songs as well as re-delight you with favorites. Hoping that the lack of ball-return machines won't effect their concentration, Shaun Nichols, Mark Munzinger, Herb Haun and Charlie Maxton hate each other but love to play just for you. The god-like MUMBLES defy description. Maybe Muddy Waters after a 32 day coffee binge. I hurt myself when I dance to them.. John Eberly, Dale Stuke, Ron Stallbaumer, and Ken Haug. We love them.

KLYDE KONNOR; Cameron Gourley, Ron Smith,

and Mike Coykendall, met at a hog fry and live in a small, green tube. I feel obligated to use words like "weave" and "hypnotic" when I refer to them.

A lot of ancient equipment. A lot of hair. JOE'S NOSE. Pals Pete Studtmann and Tim Gilbert need help but don't realize it. See them and weep.

The GRAVEDIGGERS, or "Wearers of the Cayenne" as they are affectionately known in their hometown of Dodge City, hope to earn enough cash for instruments by at least Sept. 16th. Wrapped in rope and duct tape, Lonnie Blink, Don Nod and Johnny "Chicken Fried" Stark will win your heart.

Bunk!

AFTER MIDNIGHT PLAYLIST
JUNE, 1988

1. MEKONS -- SO GOOD IT HURTS -- TWIN TONE
2. PIXIES -- SURFER ROSA -- 4 AD
3. BUTTHOLE SURFERS -- HAIRWAY TO STEVEN -- TOUCH & GO
4. SALEM 66 -- NATURAL DISASTERS & NATIONAL TREASURES -- HOMESTEAD
5. CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN -- OUR BELOVED REVOLUTIONARY SWEETHEART -- VIRGIN
6. MICHELLE SHOCKED -- TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES -- COOKING VINYL
7. MISSING FOUNDATION -- 1933 -- PURGE SOUND LEAGUE
8. JANDEK -- YOU WALK ALONE -- CORWOOD INDUSTRIES
9. HONEYMOON IN RED -- HOMESTEAD
10. FEEDTIME -- SHOVEL -- ROUGH TRADE
11. PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH -- POWER TOY -- HOMESTEAD
12. SUGARCUBES -- LIFE'S TOO GOOD -- ELEKTRA
13. DAS DAMEN -- 7" -- SST
14. JOE'S NOSE -- LOCAL
15. OPHELIA -- ORIENTAL HEAD -- ROUGH TRADE
16. STICKDOG -- HUMAN -- ALTERNATIVE TENTICLES
17. NO MEANS NO -- THE DAY EVERYTHING BECAME NOTHING -- ALTERNATIVE TENTICLES
18. GREEN RIVER -- REHAB DOLL -- SUB POP
19. HAPPY FLOWERS -- 7" -- HOMESTEAD
20. LEMONHEADS -- CREATOR -- TAANG!
21. ROTONDI -- PLAY ON -- ROM
22. THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS -- HOTEL DETECTIVE -- BAR NONE
23. VOMIT LAUNCH -- EXILED SANDWICH -- RAT BOX
24. TAR BABIES -- NO CONTEST -- SST
25. BEATNIGS -- ALTERNATIVE TENTICLES
26. DEMOLITION KITCHEN -- LOCAL
27. FALL -- FRENZ EXPERIMENT -- BEGGAR'S BANQUET
28. K.D. LANG -- SHADOWLAND -- SIRE
29. SWAMP ZOMBIES -- CHICKEN, VULTURE, CROW -- DR. DREAM
30. BARKMARKET -- 1-800-GODHOUSE -- PURGE SOUND LEAGUE
31. VARIOUS -- YOUR SOAKING IN IT -- APEX/SKYCLAD
32. BLIVETS -- LOCAL
33. RUN WESTY RUN -- HARDLY NOT EVEN -- SST
34. SALIF KEITA -- SORO -- MANGO
35. WHITE ZOMBIE -- SOUL CRUSHER -- CAROLINE
36. RIVER ROSES -- EACH & ALL -- PITCH-A-TENT
37. KLYDE KONNOR -- LOCAL
38. MISSION OF BURMA -- CD -- RYKODISC
39. HORSEFLIES -- HUMAN FLY -- ROUNDER
40. SHATCHES OF PINK -- SEND IN THE CLOWNS -- DOG GONE

AFTER MIDNIGHT PLAYLIST
AUGUST, 1988

1. HAPPY FLOWERS -- I CRUSH BOZO -- HOMESTEAD
2. SWANS -- LOVE WILL TEAR US APART -- CAROLINE
3. OPHELIA -- ORIENTAL HEAD -- ROUGH TRADE
4. AMBITIOUS LOVERS -- GREED -- VIRGIN
5. PERE UBU -- TENEMENT YEAR -- ENIGMA
6. DIE KREUTZEN -- CENTURY DAYS -- TOUCH-N-GO
7. BAD MUTHA GOOSE & THE BROTHERS GRIM -- FABLE
8. MEMBRANES -- KISS ASS GOD HEAD -- HOMESTEAD
9. MY DAD IS DEAD -- LET'S SKIP THE DETAILS -- HOMESTEAD
10. JOY DIVISION -- SUBSTANCE -- QWEST
11. MICHELLE SHOCKED -- SHORT SHARP SHOCKED -- MERCURY
12. KLYDE KONNOR -- LOCAL
13. JOE'S NOSE -- LOCAL
14. HEAD OF DAVID -- DUST BOWL -- BLAST FIRST
15. BOMB -- HITS OF ACID -- BONER RECORDS
16. BLIVETS -- LOCAL
17. BEAT HAPPENING/SCREAMING TREES -- HOMESTEAD
18. AFRIKA BAMBATTA -- THE LIGHT -- CAPITAL EMI
19. PATTI SMITH -- DREAM OF LIFE -- ARISTA
20. LEGS AKIMBO -- LOCAL
21. BEATNIGS -- BEATNIGS -- ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES
22. RUN WESTY RUN -- HARDLY NOT EVEN -- SST
23. DEMOLITION KITCHEN -- LOCAL
24. WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES -- LET'S PLAY DOMINATION -- CAROLINE
25. MISSING FOUNDATION -- 1933 -- PURGE SOUND LEAGUE
26. LES MYSTERES DES VOIX BULGARES -- ELEKTRA NONE SUCH
27. EDIE BRICKELL -- SHOOTING RUBBER BANDS AT THE STARS -- GEFEN
28. GREEN RIVER -- REHAB DOLL -- SUBPOP
29. PINK LINCOLNS -- BACK FROM THE PINK ROOM -- GREEDY BASTARD
30. FIELDS OF THE MEPHILIM -- THE MEPHILIM -- BEGGAR'S BANQUET
31. LYRES -- A PROMISE IS A PROMISE -- ACE OF HEARTS
32. SKEETERS -- WINE WOMEN AND WALLEYE -- DB
33. PASSION FODDER -- FAT TUESDAY -- ISLAND/BEGGARS BANQUET
34. STEEL PULSE -- STATE OF EMERGENCY -- MCA
35. SUGAR CUBES -- LIFE'S TOO GOOD -- ELEKTRA
36. RAYMEN -- TONIGHT IT'S THE RAYMEN -- BLUE TURTLE
37. VERLAINES -- BIRD DOG -- HOMESTEAD
38. MEKONS -- SO GOOD IT HURTS -- TWIN TONE
39. PAGAN BABIES -- NEXT -- HAWKER
40. TOKEN ENTRY -- JAYBIRD -- HAWKER



BUDDY
BREATHING

AFTER MIDNIGHT PLAYLIST
JULY, 1988

1. OPHELIA -- ORIENTAL HEAD -- ROUGH TRADE
2. PERE UBU -- TENEMENT YEAR -- ENIGMA
3. BEATNIGS -- ALTERNATIVE TENTICLES
4. SUGAR CUBES -- LIFE'S TOO GOOD -- ELEKTRA
5. JOE'S NOSE -- LOCAL
6. IGGY POP -- INSTINCT -- A&M
7. CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN -- OUR BELOVED REVOLUTIONARY SWEETHEART -- VIRGIN
8. BAD MUTHA GOOSE & THE BROTHERS GRIMM -- FABLE
9. RUN WESTY RUN -- HARDLY NOT EVEN -- SST
10. JET BLACK FACTORY -- DUALITY -- 391
11. AFRIKA BAMBATTA -- THE LIGHT -- CAPITOL/EMI
12. MISSING FOUNDATION -- 1933 -- PURGE SOUND LEAGUE
13. PATTI SMITH -- DREAM OF LIFE -- ARISTA
14. SWANS -- LOVE WILL TEAR US APART -- CAROLINE
15. MEKONS -- SO GOOD IT HURTS -- TWIN TONE
16. WHITE ZOMBIE -- SOUL CRUSHER -- CAROLINE
17. AMBITIOUS LOVERS -- GREED -- VIRGIN
18. VERLAINES -- BIRD DOG -- HOMESTEAD
19. HEAD OF DAVID -- DUSTBOWL -- BLAST FIRST
20. DEMOLITION KITCHEN -- WORDS FOR LUNCH -- LOCAL
21. STICKDOG -- HUMAN -- ALTERNATIVE TENTICLES
22. GLASS EYE -- BENT BY NATURE -- BAR NONE
23. GREEN RIVER -- REHAB DOLL -- SUB POP
24. HAPPY FLOWERS -- I CRUSH BOZO -- HOMESTEAD
25. PIXIES -- SURFER ROSA -- 4 AD
26. LEMONHEADS -- CREATOR
27. CHILDBEARING HIPS -- LOCAL (AUSTIN)
28. KLYDE KONNOR -- I ALWAYS FORGET -- LOCAL
29. BULLET LAVOLTA -- TAANG!
30. A'GRUHM -- BLOODY SIDE -- CRAZY LOBSTER
31. SCREAMING TREES/BEAT HAPPENING -- HOMESTEAD
32. SWAMP ZOMBIES -- CHICKEN, VULTURE, CROW -- DR. DREAM
33. PINK LINCOLNS -- BACK FROM THE PINK ROOM -- GREEDY BASTARD
34. FEEDTIME -- SHOVEL -- ROUGH TRADE
35. MEMBRANES -- KISS ASS GODHEAD -- HOMESTEAD
36. MY DAD IS DEAD -- LET'S SKIP THE DETAILS -- HOMESTEAD
37. 1/2 JAPANESE -- 7" SINGLE -- 50 SKIDILLION WATTS
38. ROTONDI -- PLAY ON -- ROM
39. JIMMY BUSBY -- ELVIS TRIBUTE -- GUR
40. DOUG ORTON -- THE ATTIC TAPES -- RATIO PROPORTIONS



49. Fogman Throwing Radar Waves

CINDI LAUPER - Her lyrics run the gamut from masturbation to prostitution. Her song, "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" is filthy. Her psychedelic hair and wild outfits are indications of her rebellion and anti-establishment ideals. She gets her spiritual advice from wrestling promoter Lou Albano.

We get at least a few letters. Here are some representative ones:

DEAR GOPHER PURGE;

I feel that the existance of free, unrestrained programing is vital to the very heart and soul of each and everyone of us as individuals. Even if we dont agree with a persons tastes or views, we, as a group, do not have the right to restrain that person from expressing those views. We do, however, have the right, as a group or as individuals, to either walk away, or as in this case, turn the knob if we feel that these views are foreign to what we believe.

Censorship, no matter where it lies, is the ugliest and most revolting transgression inflicted on man, by man. No matter what costume it wears, nothing can hide its ugliness or make the pill less bitter.

Thank You, Sincerely,
W. Roark

M. Rourke,
Thanks.

DEAR GOPHER PURGE;

Thanks for the news letter, its really cool. I really love the variety of music and entertainment now on After Mid-night. I was wondering if there are T-shirts available that say KMWU or AFTER MID-NIGHT. Are the concerts listed all age concerts? I went to the Bash last year and I am going to be disturbed until there is going to be another one. I am very anxious, when is it? Help!

Thanx,
Lori Carlson

Lori,

T-shirts I can't help you with; the Bash is on the way. Hope you haven't grown up and moved away since you wrote this letter. If not, see you Sept. 17th.

STEVIE NICKS - According to Rolling Stone magazine, she is openly involved with the occult. She would like to build her own pyramid and live in a little "witch house" on a cliff overlooking the ocean. "I love the symbolism of the three roses" Nicks said, "which is very pyramid, very maya", occult terms she uses frequently.



24. Chicken and Duck on Mars

I like to go to the zoo. I can see the animals in the zoo. I can see:
a lion
a tiger
an elephant.

Can you see the animals?
What are they doing?
The lion is lying in the grass.
The tiger is walking up the hill.
The elephant is drinking water.

One day aboard
Noah's Ark...

I seriously regret being forced to edit the following letter:

Dear Aunt Grizelda;

I heard a rumor of flowers, dancing in the kitchen and it ocured to me that things were in fact--different, with the exception of Preacher(the Heretic)Jones who never really begat David who begat John who has but(?) been forgotten, that didn't come out quite right, however this is the last sheet of paper and if that means what I think it does, my eligibility for the Mc Donald's(56,000,000,000 ways to win or puke)Monopoly is quote, "Null and Void."

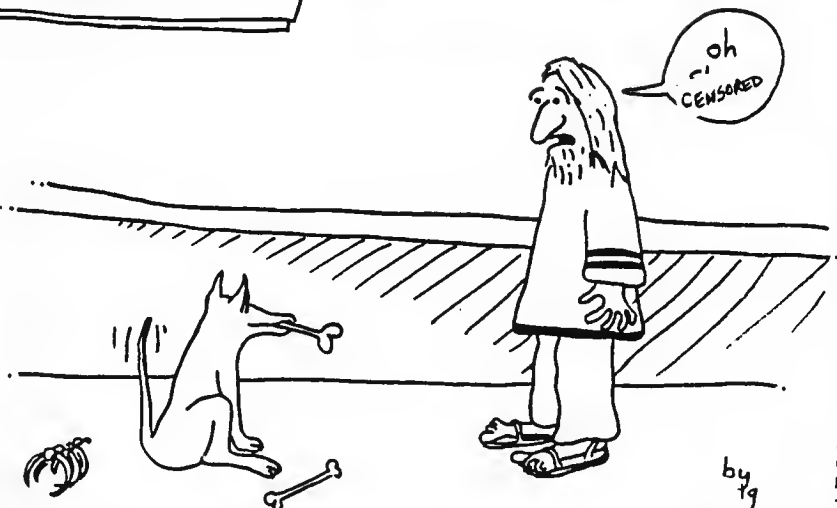
yes--Yes, YES I know!!! I just wish the landlord was a Catholic nun, so she would withdraw your hand, nonono--and turn to face the cold cathedral wall, instead of always mindlessly staring at me with the Tidy Bowl blue eye. I'm sure you share my sympathies, even though your mother, isn't(snicker,cackle, snicker) related at all to Zu'moo:Dyke of the Marble Men--Christ, this prime time tube is making my feet smell bad.(Wouldn't you say?)

So how was your trip to Vancouver? Did it help your rheumatism--what exactly is rheumatism anyway, and why would going to Vancouver at the height of the Whale Mating Season, have anything to do with the seven negroe men standing in my doorwaywearingberets-leaving nothing--to.....chance. You may ahave to edit this letter and atke all the----- and '-----' out of it Aunt Grizelda, but please believe me--**I MEAN WHAT I SAY.** I new I had to do this or leave ewe, I new ewe wur un ilcaholick..ewe whErE uH RuNna way tRaIn.....

Sometimes in spite of himself,
Glennard Screemer



22. Space Deer



by
tg

to the spirit of the Beatles, Harrison was the one who became a Beatle. Since then he has become a devotee of Krishna Consciousness. His song "My Sweet Lord" is dedicated to Krishna and contains a chant that is supposed to call forth the spirit of the Beatles. Harrison was the one who became a Beatle. Since then he has become a devotee of Krishna Consciousness. His song "My Sweet Lord" is dedicated to Krishna and contains a chant that is supposed to call forth the spirit of the Beatles.

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL? The Beatles' song "My Sweet Lord" is dedicated to Krishna and contains a chant that is supposed to call forth the spirit of the Beatles. Harrison was the one who became a Beatle. Since then he has become a devotee of Krishna Consciousness. His song "My Sweet Lord" is dedicated to Krishna and contains a chant that is supposed to call forth the spirit of the Beatles.

7-4-88

Dear National Enquirer,

I been reading a lot of stuff in y'all's magazine as of late, concernin' Elvis livin' in Kalamazoo or Walla Walla or some such nonsense. I'd like to inform you right here and now that any and all such talk is pure d bull fertilizer. Elvis has passed on to a much better place than those nuts are ever likely to see. Elvis still visits the faithful, much the same way Jesus did after them dirty Jews nailed him to the cross and he rose to his full glory. I know this for a fact, for I am one of those lucky few. Before I relate to you my story, I would like to offer a personal message. Elvis, if you can read these words wherever you are, I'd like to offer my apologies for any pain or disturbance I may have caused you. Please forgive me for being such a doubting Thomas.

My name's Opal Langelly. I'm a bit on the shy side of fifty, but still frisky as a two year old mare. If I had a nickel for every time I was mistaken for ~~my sister's~~ ~~my sister's~~ being the sister of my thirty year old daughter, I'd own the damn Piggly Wiggly grocery mart I work in. I've been head of the customer currency flow department of the Sherman Texas location for the last twenty years. That's really just a fancy college-boy title for head cashier, but maybe I deserve a fancy-simancy title. It's a job that requires nimble fingers, a certain way with people, and the patience of Job. There are plenty strange things that can happen to test that patience.

It was the second Friday of last month, always a busy day. both L.O.F. Glass Installation and Oscar Meyer pay their employees those days, and I end up workin' my fingers until my Lee press-ons fall off. This day had been nasty in particular. Six customers had already held up my line to take back things they couldn't afford (although it's less their fault than that old fart Reagan's), two raggy, blue-haired ol' biddies who threw a hissy when I accidentally shorted them about thirty cents, and every one of those damned food stamp dead-beats in the store chose my register. I was not in the mood for sick jokes.

I was ten minutes off my break and not real happy 'bout being back on the clock. When up walks this man in the flashiest pair of green bell-bottoms I've ever seen outside a Salvation Army. He had on a snow white satin shirt with collars the size of the wings on a 747. He had a jet-black pompadour that didn't quite hide the fact that he was usin' a hair dye to cover them fiddle-falle grays. A pair of thick, girlish lips covered his mouth, and he looked at me with heavily lidded eyes you see on those Cubans on Miami Vice when they're all hopped up on drugs.

"I'll the day I'm lyin' on my deathbed I will not forget what I rang up from that man's cart. Three cases of little Debbie snack cakes, a box of jelly doughnuts, two six-packs of Yoo-hoo chocolate drink, and a bottle of Preparation H.

I rang up his items with nary another glance. I told him his total, and he wrote

out a check.

"Okay, I'll need to see a driver's license and another I.D., Mr. Ki- waitamintue!" I said, reading the name on the check. "Elvis Aron 'the King' Presley'?"

"Yes'm." If he had walked up to me and said "Hi, I'm Jesus Christ, fresh down from heaven. What aisle are your condoms on?" I couldn't have been more repulsed. "Elvis is dead, and your sick for usin' his good name."

But this nut just wouldn't give up. "Ma'am, I am Elvis. Lessee," he said, digging through his wallet. "An't got much in the way of I.D. Got a driver's license. Memphis County death certificate, Got my Honorary Drug Enforcement Agent I.D. and badge Nixon gave me." He looked up at me and whispered, like he was tellin' me a secret. "Ya'll wouldn't believe how clammy that man's hands are."

"Look, I don't care if you got a signed letter from the pope himself sayin' you're Elvis. I seen him in concert in '76," I said, giving him a good once-over. "Ya'll don't look a thing like him."

"Well ma'am," he said, "the Afterlife can really do somethin' for a weight problem." "If you're Elvis, do that thing with your lip."

He did that thing with his lip. "Well... anyone can do that with enough practice. Okay 'Elvis', " I sneered, "why don't you tell me what your mama's name is?" Right then, them heavy-lidded eyes popped open with anger. "Don't you drag my mama into this," he growled, grabbing me by the lapels of my uniform. He pulled me until my face was about an inch from his. "I'll kill anyone who says anything about my mama. Man, woman, or child."

I broke away from his grip, and went for the P.A. microphone by my register. I called (hell, I practically screamed) for security.

It was when Jim and Chas were escortin' him out, that it happened. As they got him to the door, he just... I don't know. He just dissolved! As Jim and Chas looked at each other like they just had their hands on a ghost, this huge, booming voice announced "Elvis has left the Piggly Wiggly. Elvis has left the Piggly Wiggly."

I couldn't believe it. A divine visit from the King, and I had him thrown out of the Piggly Wiggly like a common criminal! Oh, Elvis, I can't tell you how sorry I am! If you deem me deserving of another chance, even if you show up as the devil himself, I will believe! I hope you're plannin' on payin' me at least as much as you pay people for their goofy ghost stories (drug hallucinations, I call 'em). Make sure you spell the name right. Opal, not Opel.

Your loyal reader,
Opal Langelly

PAUL McCARTNEY - He and his wife Linda were arrested and fined for possession of marijuana. McCartney has been known for his open use of drugs since his days with the Beatles.

ALEX CHILTON

ALEX CHILTON: A MAN OF FEW WORDS

I got my dream. Alex Chilton came to town. He played at the Coyote. The show was great. Chilton sang like an angel(?) and played guitar like a champion. The Blivets gave away celery. He even agreed to an interview. He didn't have much to say, but he was a hell of a nice guy. Hope he comes this way again.

* * *

TM: Hi. I'm Teri.

AC: Hi. I'm Alex.

TM: Do you like celery?

AC: No.

TM: Do you speak Italian?

AC: Very little.

TM: How did you learn "Volare?"

AC: We were in Italy and I got some people to show me the words and translate it for me. And I learned it. I thought it would be a good thing to play for people.

TM: Where did you find "Nobody's Fool?"

AC: That was written by the producer of the Box Tops.

TM: Did he write "Cry Like a Baby?"

AC: Yeah. Penn. Dan Penn is his name.

TM: Are you a Carol King fan?

AC: A little bit.

TM: What brought you back to the kind of music you play on "High Priest?"

AC: I don't know. I guess this is just the most natural thing for me to do. You know, playing with bands you compromise your musical tastes, to be agreeable. Being on my own, I do different things.

TM: Why are you touring as a three piece?

AC: 'Cause we can't afford to hire horns, we always travel as a three piece.



TM: Who are your drummer and bass player?

AC: Doug Garrison on drums and Rene Coman on bass.

TM: Will "Flies on Sherbet" ever be released domestically?

AC: I don't know. I guess not. It seems like there's a company who was interested but we can't ever get around to getting the thing together. You can get it on CD now. Line Records from Germany, I think they've got it on vinyl disc too.

TM: Where were you born?

AC: Memphis. I lived there for 40 years or so.

TM: Did you feel the touch of Elvis?

AC: Sure. You know, he was all around.

TM: What were you up to between "Bach's Bottom" and "Fuedelist Tarts?"

AC: Well from '78 to '82 I was living in Memphis, making the album "Like Flies on Sherbet" and playing with a group called The Panther Burns. Sometimes. But, you know, I didn't do too much. Then in 1984 we started going on the road like this.

TM: What brought you back to recording? Was "Tarts" your idea? Or did someone approach you?

AC: Yeah. The French label New Rose. They offered us some money to record so that's what got us started.

TM: So "Fuedelist Tarts" originally came out on New Rose?

AC: Yeah. I guess it was simultaneously released in the U.S. but it was financed by New Rose.

TM: The American deal (with Big Time) was later.

TM: With the demise of Big Time, what are your plans?

AC: I don't know. Find somebody else to release my records.



TM: Is the music you're doing now influenced alot by the songs you heard as a kid in Memphis?

AC: Sure.

TM: What did you listen to?

AC: I guess I was a Beatles fan a lot. I liked a lot of the British music from the mid sixties. And I liked alot of rhythm and blues.

TM: Is that what you listen to now?

AC: No, I don't listen to anything in particular. No particular style. Just things that you hear on the radio.

TM: How does it feel to be deified by college radio?

AC: Oh, it doesn't feel like anything.

TM: Do you feel the effects of it very much?

AC: It's not something that I worry about .

TM: Would you like to achieve super stardom again, like you had with the Box Tops? Are you happy with what you're doing?

AC: If I can keep going the way I'm going, I'm enjoying it. It doesn't matter to me, if I can keep making a living. Playing music I like. It's what I enjoy doing if I can make a living at it. And that's all I can ask.

TM: Are you recording something now?

AC: No, I may do a production job later this summer. On a French group called the Lolitas. Well, they're French or German...both. But my own recording, I'll do something next year.

TM: Do you intend to collaborate with anyone?

AC: Well I don't know, you know, it all depends. The record buisness is such a strang thing. A lot of it depends on how much money I've got to work with, to make a record. Because to make a record for ten thousand dollars is all different from making one for twenty, which is all different from making one for forty or more.

TM: Do you have a favorite cover of one of your tunes by another band?

AC: No, I don't know. I don't pay a lot of attention to a lot of people's versions. For a long time I didn't have a record player.

TM: I'm sure glad you played tonight. Thanks for talking with me.

AC: Thanks for talking with me.

--TERI MOTT



Saturday night, Easter Island.

NEW AND UPCOMING RELEASES

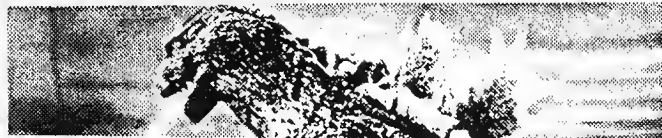
Screaming Trees-Invisible Lantern-SST
 Poi Dog Pondering-Texas Hotel
 Pixies-Gigantic Ep-4ad
 GG Allin-Freaks, Faggots and Junkies-Homestead
 Feedtime-Cooper S-Rough Trade
 Various Artists-Disparate Cogscenti-Rough Trade
 Ben Vaughn-Blows Your Mind-Restless-
 Black Uhuru-Live in New York City-Rohit
 Henry Kaiser-Those who Know History-SST
 Rapeman-Budd 12"-Touch and Go
 Smiths-Rank-Sire
 Feelies-Only Life-A&M
 Scruffy the Cat-The Moons of Jupiter-Relativity
 Squalls-No Time-Dog Gone
 Bad Brains-Live-SST
 Game Theory-2 Steps from the Middle Ages-Enigma
 Tom Waits-Big Time-Island
 Daniel Johnston-Hi, How are You?-Homestead
 Ennio Morricone-Venture/Virgin
 Heretics-Get Hip/Skyclad
 Big Dipper-12"-Homestead
 Das Damen-Marshmellow Conspiracy-SST
 Barbara Mandrell-Capitol
 Full Time Men-Twin Tone
 Yellowman-Sings the Blues-Rohit
 Nick Cave-Enigma
 Rueben Blades-Antecedente-Elektra
 Huxton Creepers-Keep It to the Beat-Big Time/Polydor ps
 Salem 66-Homestead
 Brood-In Spite of it All-Get Hip/Sky Clad
 Scene is Now-Twin Tone
 Sonic Youth-Enigma
 Wazoneers-Stout and High-A&M
 Billy Bragg-Worker's Play Time-Elektra
 Dinosaur Jr.-Freak Scene 7"-SST
 Death of Samantha-Homestead
 Halo of Flies-Twin Tone
 Various-It Came From Jay's Garage-Celluloid
 Nice Strong Arm-Mind Furnance-Homestead
 Mystic Eyes-Our Time to Leave-Get Hip
 Angry Samoans-STP not LSD-Passport
 Cocteau Twins-Blue Bell Knoll-Capitol
 Sky Sunlight Saxon-World Fantastic-Skyclad
 Various-Zimbabwe Frontline-Earthworks/Virgin
 Flesheaters-Homestead
 Pink Slip Daddy-Apex/Skyclad
 Various-Disney Album/Stay Awake-A&M
 Frank Sinatra-Columbia
 Dinosaur Jr.-Bug-SST
 Volcano Suns-Farced-SST
 Ziggy Marley-Time Has Come-EMI/Manhattan

Vincent Van Freebish Stands By His Latest Masterpiece

Our resident wall painter (he prefers the term artist) has just completed his master work. "I call it buffalos," he said. "I don't know why, it just reminds me of my mother." Vincent's big fear is that his contemporary work will not stand the test of time.



MICHAEL JACKSON - Jackson is making millions promoting demonic and satanic ideas. His song "Thriller" is full of ghouls and zombies. The song makes constant references to death, the grave, midnight, snatching of souls, etc. At the end of the song, Vincent Price, an acclaimed Warlock, calls for the dead to rise and "Terrorize your neighborhood".



FLAMING LIPS AND WHIGS BEAUTIFY MID-WESTERN SHOWCASE

Early this summer we Wichitans had the privilege and extreme pleasure of seeing, hearing, and in some cases, psychically communicating with the legendary Flaming Lips and cohorts the Modern Whigs. The event took place at the lovely and well-equipped Big Dog Studios Showcase. Both bands were visually and aurally overwhelming. Literally. My skull ached for three full days from inadvertently pounding it backwards into a brick wall. My head was propelled solely by the sheer force of the Lips sound and the pain-inducing light show. The crowd took such a beating that precious few called for an encore. It wasn't that we didn't want more, we were simply too drained to ask for it.

After midnight's Pete Studtmann somehow found the energy to interview both bands. Here are both conversations, pretty much in their entirety, and in order of the night's lineup. First, the holy Modern Whigs.

PS: What do you classify your music as being? Is there a classification?

DREW: What have you always thought, Steve?

STEVE: Acid rock.

PS: Acid rock?

DAVE: Head soul.

DREW: Head soul. That's what we've been calling it lately.

PS: Is that sole or soul?

DAVE: Soul, I guess.

DREW: We kinda like soul music, but we think there's more to it than just black people singing it. I think soul music comes from the soul no matter how you look at it.

PS: So you're all from Dallas. What's going on in Dallas? Is there a scene? Are you widely accepted in Dallas?

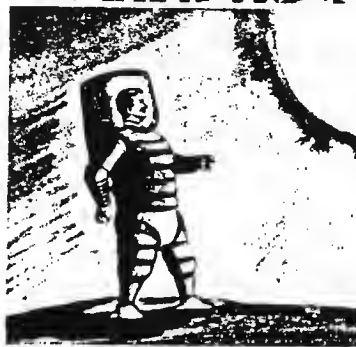
DREW: Well... actually people in Dallas are a little fluffy. We do have a following but the majority of people in Dallas would rather put on hairspray or something.

DAVE: And go to the disco.

STEVE: They'd much rather hear recorded music and show off their clothes than hear live music.

DREW: When you go out it's more to show off what you've got...and be entertained.

PS: Is there a certain type of listener you're looking for? Are you looking for a...



33. Sun Resistant Suit



DREW: Someone who looks like you.

PS: Like me??

DREW: Someone who kinda reminds me of myself. Someone who is free thinking-not scared to open their mind...

PS: And fill it with garbage...

DREW: To experiment...

PS: Right on. When I was listening to your tape the other day I noticed that you tapped into some wierd styles that I wasn't used to. Especially the keyboards. It wasn't techno-oriented, what are you trying to do?

STEVE: Trying not to use the keyboard in such a mainstream way. To be totally experimental with it-to take it to it's limits. Be experimental with different sounds.

DREW: It's amazing to me to listen to the radio and hear the same keyboard sounds in every song. Whether it's Robert Plant, or Wham or whatever. They always get the same keyboard sounds. It's amazing that there are synthesizers with hundreds and hundreds of different sounds and why they get that same pling-pling sound on every song-I don't understand it. I guess they're not very adventuresome or they're afraid, like politicians are.

PS: I also noticed that you experiment with guitar sounds, which are almost as abstract as some of your keyboards. Is that something that you try to do, or is that something that just happens?

DREW: Well, we try to do it then it just happens. It's a natural, an extremely natural, thing. I don't think we could do anything else. We definately want it to happen. I like to

listen to music that I don't understand the first time through. Music that you have to listen to six or seven times before you start to understand the words; before I start picking it out. So I keep wanting to listen to it and when I start discovering it- I go WOW...this is such a heavy tune! And then every time I listen to it, it's a new thing. So you gotta keep real experimental with sounds so people will keep listening to you. I get bored with music so I wanna create something that you're gonna want to keep listening to.

what you think they do!

THE BEE GEES - Their song, "To The Edge Of The Universe" speaks of Shen-en-dorah, which is an evil spirit meaning, "out of the body, to the edge of the universe." (astral projection) Other interests include: pornographic drawings (Robin) as a hobby, reincarnation (Barry) and E.S.P. (Maurice)

PS: I noticed you guys setting up a projector, Are you doing a 3-D or a multi-visual show?

DREW: Yup. Sure enough. Wanna comment on that, Steve?

STEVE: I make experimental films. It goes along with the music pretty well. Each song has a set amount of visuals.

PS: So is the show gonna be timed out? Like the band goes as fast as the film goes?

STEVE: Ya, I can control the speed.

DREW: The film goes more to the pace the band goes.

DAVE: That way we have some freedom. He can speed it up or slow it down in case things aren't totally timed up right.

PS: That's neat. What's the film?

STEVE: I's live sync.

PS: What's on the film, or do I have to wait and be surprised?

STEVE: It's a collage of alot of different things. Mostly projects I've worked on.

PS: Color or black and white?

STEVE: It's color , but there is some old black and white footage. Hopefully it will help you think along with the words and the music.

PS: I've heard you mention this several times. You want me to think. You want the listener to think. What do you want us to think about? Is there a goal or purpose you have set out...

DREW: Well it's like I have this shirt on that

says "World Peace" and it's like the Modern Whigs, it's a political party that anyone can join. You can be a Modern Whig. In fact, I have voter registration cards, if anybody wants one, you can give them one.

DAVE: I think that we can honestly say that anyone can make anything they want to out of it. We're not that active in putting ideas in people's heads.

DREW: It's not like we're putting ideas in people's heads. It's just that our words are so open that it's like-How does this relate to you? What does it make you think? More than we're trying to project this thought about how we must save the world. It's just like an extra thought. However it relates to you.

PS: You mentioned to me that you have an album in the works, or in the process of recording..

DREW: Ya, we've got half of it recorded and right now it's called "Shaved Brains," we were going to call it "Conscious Remains," but our executive producer really liked, "Modern Whigs-Shaved Brains" which is the name of one of our songs. We're working on it. It's fun. It should be done within a month. It could be done right now except for a couple of hold ups.

PS: When you get it completed you'll have to see to it that we get a copy at the station.

DREW: Sure thing.

And now, the FLAMING LIPS....

PS: Religion?

MR. LIP 1: I just think it's all sort of silly. People believe in all sorts of things. People believe in Bon Jovi. They have to believe in something so I don't down anybody for it. But the whole God thing, Jesus Freak kind of attitude is sorta like being a Grateful Dead fan. People need something to follow around all the time. That's pretty much what people do with God and stuff.

PS:With the GRATEFUL DEAD they do have a band they can follow around. For years and years. So...Who writes the songs?

LIP 1: I write most of the lyrics and stuff, but we all sort of write the songs and come in with ideas here and there. Like in a sound check, we'll go, that sounded great and we'll paly with that for awhile. It all sounds so wierd and that's probable why. Because we're not shooting for onr particular thing. It's all just, "Ya, that's great, That sounded cool;" it's just a mish-mash of a lot of stuff. And it just ends up sounding like us time and time again...Does that make any sense?

PS: No, but when it's typed up it'll look great. I've always liked the ambiguity of your music. Like whatever tune it is that says, "I never could believe in what I couldn't see."

LIP 1: "Can't Exist."

PS: Ya, that was one of my favorite songs for awhile and I listened to it alot because every time I listened , it seemed to evoke different ideas ans images in my head.

LIP 1: Cool.

PS: Who wrote that song? You wrote that song? No? You wrote that song. Well who wrote the song, "Thanks to You?" You wrote that one too? Well, I just want to know, were you recently trashed by a girl or something?

LIP 2: Well you could look at it as to God-you know- a song to God. That's not what it is. But you could look at it that way. An angle to look at it.

PS: It's really wierd, going back, looking at your music. You know, the way things start and end similarly. It's like, on the first side you had this song "Can't Exist" and on the other side you had this song "Thanks to,You," which answered all the questions that were asked in "Can't Exist."

LIP 1: Wow, that's really good.

PS: So now you can go to the next town and say that there's this idiot in Wichita who see's things this way.

LIP 1: Ya! We'll tell them that's what it is. Side A is the question, Side B is the answer. PS: Well is you title any albums that way just refer back to Wichita Kansas.

LIP1: That'a what we'll do. Next time it's going to be, A. Question side. A. Answer side.

PS: Well if that ever happens and I see an album that way, I'll just smile really big.

LIP 1: Yeah, Cool.

PS: On that note, do you have any recordings in the works?

LIP 1: Well, we're going to have to go back into the studio after this tour. This is a month-long tour. So during this and after this, we'll come up with enough stuff for an album.



48. Space Patrol Helmet



36. Space Pig



57. Star Man Shooting Through Space

LINDA RONSTADT - In one song, she sings, "I'm on the other side of town, all strung out on heroin". In an interview, Linda said, "I can perform better after shooting smack (heroin) in both arms than after eating too much". On the back of her Greatest Hits album she is wearing occult jewelry.

PS: Are you going to do this next one like "Oh My Gawd..." and tie most all the songs together in a cohesive fashion?

LIP 2: We'll see what happens.

LIP 1: You mean like segues and things?

PS: I mean in the past it's been song-break-song-break and on the last one there were really small breaks and all kinds of noise and stuff.

LIP 1: Yeah, we kinda liked that better 'cause it gives a more flowing feel to the record. Some songs are almost like you should do them that way...yeah, there probably will be stuff like that. "Cause that was the first we had produced ourselves. When we did our ep, a long time ago, we didn't know what we were doing. We were just lucky that we got to make a record. Then with "Hear it Is," we were out in L.A. with

this producer guy. You know, Mr. Hot Joe Producer. And we just kind of sat there and said, "Yeah, we like that." And it just kinda ended up being songs like normal folk do. Then when it came time to do "Oh My Gawd..." we were sort of set on producing it ourselves. They were sort of wierd about it. We just said, "Give us the money. We'll go do it." And that's how it turned out.

LIP 2: We were shittin' in our pants. The whole time.

LIP 1: When you've got the money on the line, you don't get a second chance. If you record it and it sucks, then it sucks.

PS: Well did you guys have any trouble getting picked up when you started out? Or after the first ep did everything just fall together?

LIP 1: Well they called us and we were in the position that we needed to do another album and we didn't have any money. What do bands do when they don't have any money to record a record?

PS: Drink heavily?

LIP 1: We didn't how to shop records around a record company. They just called us and we were very lucky that we got to do it. Now they really like us and stuff. And now we're alot smarter.

LIP 2: Now we tell them what to do.

LIP 1: Yeah. Just give us the money and shut up.

PS: I consider you guys to be a psychedelic revival band; especially with the last lp. Do you consider yourselves...

LIP 1: Oh no. We really have no roots in sixties music to speak of. There's nothing that we're trying to bring out, like say the Fleshtones, who really believe in the rock and roll spirit or something. We just sorta like it all.

LIP 2: I think we're influenced all the time.

LIP 1: Sixties stuff is great. The Beatles. The Who. Hendrix. David Bowie is great. Sex Pistols are great. Sonic Youth is great. We feel that there's alot of great shit and we just play what we like. It's not really derived from anything and especially not the sixties.

We really didn't listen to records alot in the sixties. It's just that there's good shit everywhere. There's good shit right now. I mean if you listen to the sixties that's cool, but we play our own thing.

PS: With psychedelic music I don't always refer to the sixties. Psych to me means thought and image provoking. Music with a brain.

LIP 1: A lot of people when they saw psyon mean Plasticland and paisley shirts and Beate boots. It's more of a fasnion than a music. When I think of psych I think of Hendrix and the Beatles white album, stuff like that. But alot of people get it mixed up with clothes, the 60's, peace

and all of that. We're into the 80's, the 90's, the 1,000's, the 2,000's. That's what we wanna be. The band of the 2,000's.

LIP 2: A lot of today's roots bands don't try to be flashy. It's like, we're just an american rock band. We're not flashy, we're not nothin', just an American rock band. It gets to be kinda boring. I mean, we've got lights, we've got smoke. We've got all this shit you know, it's like the coolest thing you could do. Volume. Intensity. You know it's like YAAAAAAH!! I mean that's not sixties or seventies. It's just a culmination of everything. You can be any kind of person to enjoy the show. Even if you hate the music, you won't forget the show.

-- PETE STUDTMANN

SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGH!

RECORD REVIEWS

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

Honeymoon in Red
Widowspeak/Reissue

Don't expect some kid to elect to publicly display his sexual prowess by roaring down your street with the music of this album blasting out of his jacked-up '73 Nova. Cute, little cherubs will not be rocking back and forth to this sound track while some television announcer extolls the seemingly limitless virtues of a particular brand of diaper. Any clenched fists or flaming cigarette lighters thrust skyward in salute to particular passages of this album would wiggle pointlessly for a second before dropping sheepishly back to waist level. This music belongs under your bed in the middle of a muggy night, providing the thoughts and rhythms with which to flop your body vainly about the sweat-soaked sheets. There might even be some dried blood on the pillow case in the morning. Oh, Happy Day!

When Lydia Lunch fronts the Birthday Party in it's final stages, you know it's time to let the bad times crawl. Lydia, who shall henceforth be referred to as "Giggles," shares the crux of the singing and songwriting with Roland S. Howard. Nick Cave and "Giggles" perform a couple of duets that are not too unlike Steve and Edie on rotating spits. The music of the album primarily leans more toward the slower, bad weather rock of Howard and cave's solo records. The two songs that I enjoyed most on Honeymoon in Red, however, were the more abrasive "Field of Fire" and

HEART - "Devil Delight" is a song that speaks of the sinister pleasure of a "dirty demon daughter". In an interview in February 1981, Ann and Nancy Wilson of the group were asked about their reported involvement with the occult. In response, they just giggled and refrained from comment.

"Three Kings." "Three Kings" rolls along in the continuous company of a demented burst of guitar and eventually picks up a welcome companion in the form of what is listed as "sonic holocaust guitar" courtesy of Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore. Don't be fooled. Whatever Mr. Moore was torturing to achieve the sounds he creates on this song was very much alive and, depending upon your stance on the animal rights issue, he should either be honored or arrested for making them.

I don't necessarily think these people uncommonly wise because of the continually negative attitude they choose to put across in their music, but they do it in such a successful and interesting manner I do find myself wallowing happily in every moan, groan and whimper they produce. As expected, the nouns, verbs, adverbs and adjectives their lyrics are

comprised of invoke violent, miserable, and painful images. At the hands of Honeymoon in Red, though, even normally innocent conjunctions, prepositions, and articles seem to drip with some sort of vile liquid by way of guilt through association. No phrase from any song on this record shall be printed on a placard and marketed for placement on secretaries' desks. Purchase this record. Whistle it at work.

--Kevin Mead

GOD IS NOT DEAD

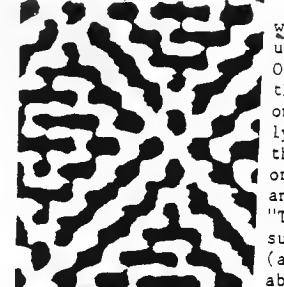
The Pixies
Surfer Rosa
4AD

A friend of mine- we'll call him Ebb- wants to release a record. He's already been in the studio, he's got the master tape, and he's even gone so far as to have a test pressing made. I'm confident about the quality of his material, but Ebb isn't, and, consequently, on top of wanting to release a record, he's also looking for an excuse not to. My friend Ebb lives in New York. Lately, when he mentions the (relatively) new Boston band The Pixies, my other friends in New York roll their eyes. It's not that they dislike The Pixies, or even disapprove of them; no one who has heard them could do either of those things. It's just that The Pixies, in Ebb's world, have evolved into a kind of argument against releasing his own material, and all my other New York friends are sick of hearing it. Ebb's argument is that the idea of releasing a record has already been used; The Pixies have already done that. No one needs to release records anymore. The Pixies have released a record that makes most other records look dumb.

My friend Ebb has a gift for wild hyperbole, but in the case of The Pixies' debut LP for 4AD Records, entitled "Surfer Rosa," even his prodigious talents have been put to the test. "Surfer Rosa," is the kind of unexpected, too-good-to-be-hoped-for occurrence that makes you wonder why you ever bothered with Killdozer, or whether or not you ever want to hear Volcano Suns again. I like both of those bands, but it seems to me the The Pixies are doing what they do - rough, threatening guitar rock - and doing it a lot better. The sound on "Surfer Rosa" is tenuous; it alternates between menacing quiet and all-out guitar explosions in a way that makes you wonder what's around the corner. It's loose, the way the first great Gun Club LP was, but tight where that band was sloppy. And it's mean, like Big Black (whose Steve Albini produced).

PAT BOONE

IT'S THE GAYEST
GOB-AND-GAL
GET-TOGETHER
YOU EVER SAW!



The vocals on "Surfer Rosa" - sometimes in Spanish, sometimes an eerie falsetto, and always commanding - are provided by the band's chief songwriter and apparent creative anchor, Black Francis. Black Francis, who is known in the real world as Charles, is a twenty-three year old Caucasian man, transplanted from California to Boston via a six-month stint in Puerto Rico. "I was supposedly going to school there," he told me when I talked to him and bassist Mrs. John Murphy before a recent Kansas City snow, "but I mostly just went to the beach a lot." That explains the Spanish that crops up in such songs as "Vamos" and "Oh My Golly," but the musical influences remain a little more enigmatic. This is due in part to the fact that Black Francis himself comes across as not all that well-listened. "I got that about a month ago," he said when I mentioned the Gun Club's first LP. "It was another one of those famous bands that I never got around to before." When asked what he did get around to, Black Francis listed Iggy Pop and The Damned for himself, and, for Mrs. John Murphy, Patsy Cline and Blood, Sweat and Tears. "Oh, and The Birthday Party," he added. He screamed like Nick Cave. "It's great."

The Pixies' band name was the contribution of lead guitarist Joey Santiago. "It's a good name because everybody hates it," Black Francis said. "Joey's Filipino, and he speaks English perfectly, but it's not his native language so he still comes across words he doesn't know. Like 'pixies'... what's that." Joey, along with drummer David Lovering, completes the band. The four met up in Boston, and had been together less than a year when their debut EP, "Come on, Pilgrim," was released last November. "Come On, Pilgrim" was a terrific debut - eight songs, including "Isa de Encanta," "Ed is Dead," and the hilarious "I've Been Tired" - the response was good, but it proved to be only a sampling of what was to come a few months later with the release of "Surfer Rosa."

When asked how old he was when he started writing songs, Black Francis held his hand up at a height that indicated "pretty young." On "Surfer Rosa" that experience shows, and the album, debuting, as it did, at number one on the English independent charts, might fairly be termed a success. The material, with the exception of "Vamos," which also appeared on "Come On, Pilgrim," is all new - no covers - and includes such After Midnight favorites as "Tony's Theme" (about an imaginary cartoon superhero with a dirt bike), and "Gigantic" (a song co-written and sung by Mrs. John Murphy, about a "big, big love"). "Cactus," my personal favorite, is there, too; it features these lines: "Sitting here alone on a cement floor/ Just wishing that I had something you wore/ Bloody your hands on a cactus tree/ Wipe it on your dress and send it to me." Steve Albini's production is another strong point, and anyone familiar with Big Black's work might already have an idea of how well Albini handles blocks of guitar noise, or the eerie silences mentioned above. Black Francis described Albini's production technique as "just turning everything on." Mrs. John Murphy said, "I read an interview about what he did. He said he just gave us Marshall amps and told us to act like we were in a heavy metal band. He really said that to us, didn't he?"

JIMI HENDRIX - Considered to be a god by many of his fans, he died in his own vomit after a drug overdose. His acid rock music formed the basis of what was to come as other musicians copied and built on his music. His music was steeped in drugs and sex. It was a spiritual thing. You can hypnotize people with the music, when you get them at their weakest point, you can preach into the subconscious what you want to say.



On stage at The Lone Star last month The Pixies came across less like a heavy metal band and more, as a recent Village Voice review rightly pointed out, like 1977. Since having seen them perform, I've been a little more conscientious about reading about The Pixies, and I find that it's not unusual for reviewers to have to cast back that far for just comparisons to their live shows; they certainly don't look like redeemers on stage, but their earth-shattering guitar sound told me that it might be time to fight disco all over again.

Mrs. John Murphy is the focal point of the Pixies live. Affable and friendly in person, she is positively exuberant in concert, with a permanent grin affixed to her features that might remind you of Billy Zoom, if only it didn't seem so sincere. Billy Zoom is brought to mind again in the person of Joey Santiago; dark and handsome where Zoom is - what would you call that? pale? - Santiago moves just as little, and seems, on stage, every bit as willing to do you in. Between these two poles is Black Francis, ambivalent, stocky, and fair. You wouldn't know what to expect from the on-stage Black Francis, and that would be just as well.

The band had just driven in from Atlanta, with a stop by the Barbara Mandrell museum in Nashville, before the Kansas City show, and that on the heels of a European tour ("They loved us in Holland," Mrs. John Murphy said.) If they felt fatigued, it didn't show in their performance. After opening with "The Holiday Song" from the EP, they covered most of "Surfer Rosa," with a song from the Eraserhead soundtrack thrown in. The fifty minute set might, in all fairness, be said to have contained as much energy of five hours of most other bands, and when the band-not surprisingly-lost power to one guitar and left the stage, the audience seemed anxious enough for more.

Meanwhile Ebb phones me up from New York and the two of us rhapsodize. Would he be able to release the material he's recorded, he wonders, if Black Francis liked it? If Mrs. John Murphy liked it? Given "Surfer Rosa," he's not sure. Sometimes in a mockery of objectivity, one of us will ask the other if he thinks the Pixies are the best band, right now, in the world. The other will be quiet for a minute and pretend to think about it. OK, the first one will say, what about the United States? And the other will answer, easily in the United States. As if you didn't know.

---Jake Euker

INCOMPREHENSABLE

"Hetch Hetchy"
Hetch Hetchy

Hetch Hetchy is a new group from Athens, Ga. Their debut album is pretty groovey. They have a guitar-dominated sound with bongos and synthesizers occasionally thrown in for color. The music is well written but the LP lacks any one really outstanding song. I think that's due to the fact that all of the lyrics are unintelligible. Random syllables are all the poor girl can utter. Yes the lead singer has a good voice but she really should take diction lessons.

"Catscan" is the best cut of the lot. It is a more hard-driving song than the rest and best suits this person with no concept of entire words. I think these people are trying to be artists. Maybe in a couple of albums they will succeed.

---Racine Zackula

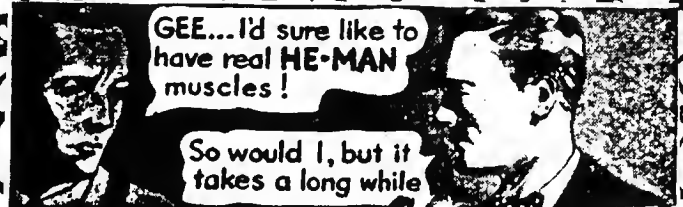
Talking Heads Naked Sire



Once an artist begins to believe that any thing he creates is a great work of art to be oohed and aahed at by the culturally starved, illiterate masses then he must go out of his way to redeem his work. To me it's a sorry fact that David Byrne lost all sense of artistic discrimination several years back. Before I even opened the latest Talking Heads album I giggled with the sheer pleasure I'd gain from tearing it apart one groove at a time. Oh, how I desired to spew on David Byrne's "art" after he'd betrayed us with such drivel as the "True Stories" album and selected cities release of his movies. I DESPISED DAVID (EXPLETIVE) BYRNE!!!

I shook with maniacal glee when I placed the disc on my turntable. "Blind" began. HA! Resorted to stealing from James Brown didn't we Mr. Byrne? Out of your own ideas? But wait... this has more of an island feel...no...Oh, God! ...what?...no Jake likes this album...Teri likes this album...ah, but they're just being indiscriminately faithful...yet...NO!NO! I WANT TO HATE THIS...David Byrne, you can't deny me that pleasure now-I want to rip you apart ... NO!NO! My toe's tapping. I'm beginning to feel giddy. This rhythm & blues, island, african music has me wiggling with happiness. It makes me miserable to admit that I actually like new work by the Talking Heads, but they've returned to their soulful roots. Take my word, I live to hate David Byrne, but I just can't this time.

--Kevin Smith



GEE...I'd sure like to
have real HE-MAN
muscles!

So would I, but it
takes a long while

JESUS CHRIST SUPER-DOUG

DOUG: A ROCK OPERA AND COMIC BOOK
THE COOLIES
DB RECORDS

Opera, according to my good buddy Webster, (no, not the forty-year-old black midget from the T.V. show) is "a play having all or most of it's text set to music." For many centuries, opera has been joined hand-in-hand with classical music, much the same way pork rinds are associated with professional wrestling. But opera has not been solely relegated to the field of classical music. In the last couple of decades, a few artists have tried mating it with rock music. The results have been...well, mixed.

There was "Jesus Christ, Superstar," which is all right, if you like the idea of real hip Singing Quakers with electric guitars. And if any of you readers had older brothers, sisters, or parents who smoked away half their braincells in the sixties, you've probably already been told what a classic "Tommy" was. It was an original idea, musically well-performed, and had a few good songs. But it reeks of the love-beads-cheap-drugs generation, too-seemetouchmefeele. These and other lesser-known, unsuccessful experiments seemed to prove that the splicing of rock'n'roll and opera could not possibly produce a successful hybrid. Before you believe this, you should listen to Doug.

The Coolies have just unleashed "Doug: A Rock Opera," and the story goes something like this: Doug has been an apathetic, violent skinhead since he was seven. He's got the Pledge of Allegiance tattooed on his forehead, and talks about finding and killing the Grateful Dead. One day while Doug and his fellow skins are hangin' out a homosexual chef walks into their midst. When Pussy Cook, as he's known throughout the story, taunts Doug with the line "If I were a doctor, I'd make you cough," Doug and his friends kill and rob him. They get his money, his dope, and his recipe book.

Like any self-respecting, anarchic skinhead, Doug has some pretty good publishing contacts. The cook book is published under Doug's name, and soon Doug is "the world's richest skin."

Things start going pretty well for Doug. He's got a 40 ft. stretch limo, and for the first time in his life, he's got a woman that's clean. But this wouldn't be an opera without a little tragedy thrown in. Drug-induced paranoia brings Doug to believe

DURAN DURAN - Their video Girls On Film was banned for being too porno-graphic. The song "Hungry Like a Wolf" talks about oral sex and the moans and groans of a woman in orgasm can be heard in the background. "Union of the Snake" is mystic and satanic in its video presentation. Other songs include: "New Religion" and "Save a Prayer". There is little doubt about their religion or who they are praying to.

INDEPENDENT THINKING

with TIMOTHY GILBERT

that the cooks in his favorite fast-food joints know he offed Pussy Cook and are trying to kill him. He soon tries subsisting solely on crack and liquor, which brings about his imminent demise.

It's not really the heavy-handed, story-with-a-moral, like it sounds. The Coolies give us lyrics laced with a cynical, tongue-in-cheek humor. The music, utilizing a good, stiff backbeat and buzz-saw guitars, is reminiscent of the Replacements or the Descendants. And in the song "Cook Book," they pay musical tribute to "A Quick One," the Who's first attempt at a "mini-opera," by using the "strum, lyric, strum, lyric" effect Townsends used and a falsetto chorus chanting "cook book."

I don't think I'd insult this album by calling it a rock opera. It doesn't even compare to the convoluted attempts that have appeared in the past. There are no meandering, seven-minute-plus numbers. All are performed in concise, two-to-three minute bursts. And the album is well written enough that each song stands up on its own.

If you like albums with good plots, or if you're just a sucker for the traditional skinhead-kills-fag-skinhead-gets-rich-and-dies-of-a-drug-overdose story like I am, "Doug: A Rock Opera" is your type of meat.

--Bill Covington

PICTURE A VICKERS ATTENDANT...

Written the day of my return from Lawrence, after witnessing the aforementioned human responses, and some not mentioned, I must say that I enjoyed the show. Thanks Mr. Biafra, just goes to show, you learn something new every day. Or was his name Dividend?

Picture a Vickers attendant

standing alone, on a darkened stage, somewhere in Lawrence, Kansas. He held in his hands some sheets of paper. He began to read, "We interrupt this program to bring you this special bulletin..." Almost, as if on cue, a barrage of plastic cups were hurled at him from areas in the crowd. His amplified voice was overpowered by the voices of profanity, uttered by a handful of really big guys. He continued on. A deep voice from way in the back shouted, "Tell us something we don't already know!" Immediately, many in the crowd followed intelligently with, "Tell us something we don't already know!" I almost detected the briefest of pauses in his voice, but probably not. "Love American Death Squad Style," he continued.

Strangely enough the person next to me decided that, that was all the inspiration he needed. He must have mustered all the air that his head could hold, for he gestured, and with a mighty blow, he spat, hitting our employee on the forehead. "Good shot," a neighbor replied. The attendant didn't even stop for a breath, nor did he stop to wipe his brow.

This continued on untill almost the end of his forty minute performance. I guess the big guys must have become bored, or maybe, just maybe, it was something he said. I just don't know any more. The person who had spat upon our employee, applauded him at the end.

--Pete Studtmann



CAPTAIN KIRK
(William Shatner)
WILL PROVE IT TO YOU

Things piss me off, you know? Like this Buisness on t.v. that shows some evil-haired guitar-hero pounding the hell out of his instrument flailing his fingers wildly about the neck and staring, with intent beady eyes, at his handy work-the normal guitar hero stance- and all this shrouded in fake stage fog with the glare of multi-colored lights. Then I notice that the guitar is not even plugged in. Sound like a familiar video? How many times have you watched a video, a commercial, or glanced at an ad in a magazine that shows some flashy bozo in cheezy attire, poised with instrument in hand (looking a bit like Rambo) and, if you look closely, it's NOT PLUGGED IN!

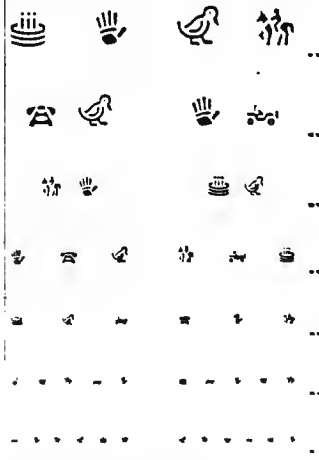
Just who do they think they're kidding? Are we, the public, really so stupid that we believe this crap? Apparently so. Think about it. Ever watch a singer on t.v., really belting it out and there's not a microphone to be seen anywhere? Sorry Whitney, but that Diet Coke commercial sucks. Here is one for the musicians out there. Ever watch somebody make horrible and obvious errors during a music video, but amazingly, the only thing you hear is studio quality perfection.



All this is like showing me the steering wheel and telling me what a great car they have. Just what is going on here? Who's to blame for this idiocy? It's dementing our children. Here is an example: I got my kid a guitar and amp for Christmas. He opens this stuff up and immediately straps his guitar on backwards, doesn't plug his amp or even his guitar cord in, and starts jumping around wielding the guitar menacingly, beating the lifeless strings and making insane noises like "NEEEEEER NEEEEER NEEEEER WOW BOOMP-DE-ZOW-WOW." He looked exactly like a bad video. I stopped him and said "Hey Bub, looky here... you gotta plug this in here, see, and turn this knob here and there you go, noises from Hell." He plinked three notes, turned the amp off and said, in a bored manner. "Yeah, sure cool." Then it was back to jiggling around the room screaming "BROWZA BLEEEEEER NEEER VEE-DOOMP DE-BOB." To this day he wonders what the amp was for.

One day I saw him hopping through the house, spanking his silent guitar and wearing my headphones, the cord dangling along behind him plugged into nothing. I stopped him in the kitchen and said, "Just exactly what do you think you are doing?" His answer: "Lookin' cool. NEEEEEOOW WOWOWOW DA-BEEEEENER BLOUT." Hell. Elvis used to do it in every movie. I think it was Frankie Avalon that I saw once in a pitiful beach movie, standing up in the back of a speeding

CONT.



CHILD'S RECOGNITION AND NEAR POINT TEST CHART
ST. DISTANCE: 12 inches (32 cm)



POTHOLE
of the
WEEK

LOCAL AND SEMI-LOCAL BAND SCENE

Tim Lee*Lonestar*9/12
Evan Johns and the H-Bombs*Grand Emporium*9/14
Evan Johns and the H-Bombs*Coyote*9/16
Trip Shakespeare*Bottleneck*9/16
AFTER MIDNIGHT BASH IV WITH KLYDE KONNOR, BLIVETS,
MUMBLES, LEGS AKIMBO, JOES NOSE, AND SPECIAL
MYSTERY GUESTS THE GRAVEDIGGERS*WSU-CAC
BALLROOM*9/17
Ricky Dean Sinatra*Bottleneck*9/21
Homestead Grays*Parody Hall*9/23 & 9/24
Walking Wounded*Coyote*9/23
Pat O'Connor & Bill Garrison*B-1 Club*9/24
Absolute Ceiling*Lone Star*9/26
Tailgators & Homestead Grays*Bottleneck*9/30
SST NIGHT-Firehose, Screaming Trees & Kirk
Kelly*Grand Emporium*10/3
Ray Charles*WSU*10/13
Osmond Family Christmas Tour*Crown Uptown Dinner
Theatre*12/3

convertable singing and playing a guitar without a microphone or amp. Or brains. Does he even know how to play the thing at all? And the dude on the surf board, riding a big wave, with the electric guitar, maybe it's better that it wasn't plugged in:

These movies were really bad about showing you a three-piece band, but the sound-track had an orchestra of instruments blasting away in the background. (Hey, I don't see no damned piano.) That's why I can really respect Andy Griffith. You ever see him kicked back down at the sherriff's office or out on the front porch with Barney and Aunt Bea, strumming his guitar and humming moldy old folk-gospel songs? Well I can tell you, he's really playing that thing. He aint pulling nothing on anybody. He's really playing the damn thing. You gotta respect a man like that.

It burns me to see a moron in a video, bashing an electric guitar with it's plughole empty. I was showing my kid how to tune his guitar one day. I was being as clear and precise as I could about it. I had my guitar strapped on and he was wearin' his. "There," I said, "That's what you do when your guitar gets out of tune." He looks at me through the mirrored lenses of his cheap sunglasses and says, "Why?"

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KEVIN MEAD
TIM GILBERT
RACINE ZACKULA
JAKE EUKER



LIVING WITH THE BOMB

3

BACKGROUNDS PROVIDED BY
ART GREIG

CONTEST WINNERS

Congratulations to those who colored Elizabeth Montgomery most creatively. The winners of The Embarrassment Lp are: Mark Lowen of Newton, Philip Nichol of Wichita, and Don Seven of Baby Sue Records. If you live in town and have'nt picked up your lp, you can do so at Music, Inc. (formerly Second Time Around) at 3203 E. Douglas. If you live out of town, I'll mail your prize to you shortly (really.)

YIPPIE!!

AND IF YOU THOUGHT THAT WAS A MORONIC CONTEST, READ ON...



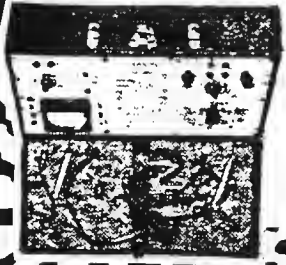
With Hallowe'en coming on, we thought we'd explore the most terrifying times of our own and your lives. We are prepared to present a fifteen dollar(\$15.00) gift certificate to the person sending us the most horrifying story. It can be inspired by life experience, or hallucination, and please limit it to 300 words or less. We'll print the winning story in the next Gopher Purge next to our own most nightmareish experiences. The deadline for entry is October 25th. Remember, if this sounds incredibly stupid to you, the worst that could happen is a fifteen dollar(\$15.00) increase in your record buying budget(at Music, Inc., formerly Second Time Around.) And what could you possibly lose?



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After Graduation

A 40 Ton Mountain Of Flesh With Just 4 Teeth

...feast on it!

GOPHER PURGE

4th ANNUAL



AFTER MIDNIGHT
8-9-1



10. Friendly Welcomers

